

CHINESE FANTASTICS



THOMAS STEEP

Chinese Fantastics



Chinese Fantastics

By
Thomas Steep

華國奇談

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To

MIRIAM

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes. . . .

—*Byron.*

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I

INTERPRETING THE ORIENT

說
東

HIS card was brought up to my room on the fifth floor of the Grand Hôtel de Pékin as I sat gazing from the balcony into the street below and pondering on the inscrutability of things Chinese. Caravans of slow-moving camels halted their leisurely progress for the passing of swift automobiles. Doubtless they did not differ much from the caravans that started for the Gobi in Confucius' time, several thousand years ago. Coolies with incredibly heavy loads suspended from poles glided by. Rickshaws, donkey-carts, grave Chinese patriarchs bearing bird-cages, and natives innumerable, beating gongs, blowing horns, or uttering piercing tradesmen's cries, formed part of the tatterdemalion picture, while high overhead flew a flock of pigeons, each of which carried on its tail a bamboo whistle. Never will I forget the weird, heavenly, flute-like music which floated down every day from those flocks of pigeons with the little bamboo whistles tied to their tails.

Why did the Chinese fix whistles to the tails of

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pigeons? I pondered. But why, then, did they do other things? Why did they, with infinite care, with almost sacred devotion, rear goldfish—the fat goldfish with the big, bulging eyes and the cloudy, filmy tails and fins? Why did they adhere to the slow-moving caravans and donkey-carts when automobiles and motor-trucks were being utilized by Europeans every day before their very eyes? Why did half a dozen Chinese carpenters across the street saw a board out of a log by hand when they knew well that they could do it more quickly at a saw-mill? Why did they carry fans in cold weather, and why did some of them wear queues, while others were shaven bald? What is in the Chinese head, anyway?

But I was interrupted to receive the card which the hotel coolie brought to my room. It bore the name of Dr. Prodder. Residents in the Orient are accustomed to receiving cards from visitors on every conceivable mission. Kind friends at home have an idea that the Orient is a wilderness and that any European there will welcome a fresh ambassador from civilization. It is a fallacy.

It was with enthusiasm only simulated that I greeted Dr. Prodder. He said, "I am just leaving."

"Just leaving?" I questioned.

"Yes. I'm writing a book—'Peking Predilections.' It's to be an interpretation, a glimpse into Chinese mental characteristics. What they think

Interpreting the Orient

and why they think it. Did you read my 'Tokio Tergiversations'? That's also an interpretation, an exposition of Japanese tendencies. Did it in three weeks. I've been in Peking ten days now, so I'm starting home to write."

He was only a sample of a dozen. We had "Peking Picklings" and "The Unexpurgated Prattle of a Shanghai Baby." We had the keen penetration into Chinese domestic science by a lady who scarcely left the hotel, and then only for social teas, and we had the indiscretions of a diplomat which revealed what Chinese diplomacy was not. Nothing so easy to interpret as the uninterpretable.

It was Lafcadio Hearn, I think, who said that the longer he mingled with the Japanese the less able he felt to interpret them. During his first weeks with them he was inspired to write volumes; after several years it was a struggle to write a magazine article, and after he had married a Japanese and had become a permanent resident of Japan it was all a hopeless puzzle to him. The same thing may be said of the Chinese. The longer you know them the less you know them.

The thing that perplexed me most about them was, why don't they worry? They are sufficiently justified. They set up a republic some years ago, but, finding it bothersome, are letting it tumble through sheer neglect. Now they have no government, but that does n't worry them. The foreign

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powers demand redress for the kidnapping outrages; the Chinese pay the bill, or promise to pay, and don't worry. They have no effective parliament, premier, cabinet, board of education, ministry of justice, or tax collectors, and they don't worry.

"Why don't you worry?" I asked an old Chinese philosopher, who was an habitu   of the hotel lobby. He said it was a subject he never worried about.

My own impression is that it is because they have no sense of the passing of time, no fear of the termination of life. Haste and impatience are foreign to them. They do not think in terms of years, but of centuries. A man's life is but a prolongation of that of his father and of his countless grandfathers, and will not his own progeny transmit the individual in him down through eternity? Countless ages he extends backward through his ancestry, and countless ages will he live in his posterity.

Building up a government can wait. It is not a thing to be done in haste. Better take a couple of centuries. Meanwhile, there is time for the pigeons and fishes. Or let us fly a kite. It is pleasanter than building a government.

But what am I doing? Interpreting the Chinese! My apologies to Dr. Prodder.

II

PIDGIN-ENGLISH AND ORIENTAL CONVERSATION

談 話

CHARMING and quaint are the perversions of one's tongue heard in the Far East. The Orientals, convinced that we will never learn their language, struggle to learn ours. Merchants, professional men, office-holders, educators, scholars, coolies, who come in contact with western commerce, aspire to greater profit by a knowledge of English. They acquire it often as much from a desire to assist foreigners as for their own benefit, and some of them, in mastering a language that is as alien to them as their language would be to Europeans, achieve a correctness of grammar and of pronunciation that would distinguish an Englishman or an American among his own people. But aside from the impeccable English heard in the Orient, there is an imperfect version, fascinating because of its imperfection.

I first encountered orientalized English on a Japanese ship crossing the Pacific. The purser was descending from the wireless station. I asked him,

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"Have you received any news?" He replied, "Not many."

Tokio teems with shops with English signs designed to lure foreign trade. A laundry, unconscious of its humor, had this sign: "We most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices as under—Ladies, \$2 per hundred; Gentlemen, \$1.75 per hundred." A barber announced, "Head Cutter"; an egg shop, "Extract of Fowl"; a camera store, "Photographers Executed"; a ladies' tailor, "Women Outfatted"; a tombstone dealer, "Monuments Maked"; a dentist, "Teeth Carpenter."

Tokio published a treatise to instruct its policemen on how to converse with foreigners in trouble. In an example wherein a British sailor was supposed to have struck a rickshaw runner the questions asked by the policeman and the answers by the sailor were hypothetically given:

What countryman are you?

I am a sailor belonged to the Golden Eagle, the English man of war.

Why do you strike this jinrikisha man?

He told me impolitely.

What does he told you impolitely?

He insulted me saing loudly "the Sailor the Sailor" when I am passing here.

Do you striking this man for that?

Yes.

Pidgin-English—Oriental Conversation

But do not strike him for it is forbided.

I strike him no more.

A naïve way of averting international embarrassment!

The instructions from the police chief to the members of the force said further:

Japanese police force consists of nice young men.

But I regret that their attires are not perfectly neat.

When a constable comes in contact with a people he shall be polite and tender in his manner of speaking and movement.

If he will terrify or scold the people with enormous voice, he will become himself an object of fear for the people.

Civilized people is meek, but barbarous peoples is vain and haughty.

A Tokio library that circulated Japanese, Chinese, and English books published in its catalogue a set of rules, which read:

The Profession of our Company is Supplying the all Japanese Classical and Modern Book or Chinese and English Language's Book to Readers for recieving duly Lending-Price.

The Limit of time of Reading is fixed.

All Novel and thin Book is five days.

All Sciencial Book is almost ten days.

English Language Book which is not many pages is limited ten days, but large Book is fifteen days.

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The exact Limit of Time and lending Price are mentioned on the back or face of all Book.

If some soil or Destruct of Book, we will require duly indemnity.

The time of Opening of Library is always from nine o'clock of morning, and four o'clock of (evening) is the time of Shuting of Library, at every day except one, eleven and twenty one days of every month.

The object of our Library is for the reader who desired to Read any book at one time for searching useful things.

All Tokio news and political or Sciencial magazine are readied in our Library.

Lafcadio Hearn in his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" cites examples written by Japanese students of English:

On summer nights we hear the sound of faint voices; and little things come and sting our bodies very violently. We call them *ka*—in English "mosquitoes." I think the sting is useful for us, because if we begin to sleep, the *ka* will come and sting us, uttering a small voice;—*then we shall be bringed back to study by the sting. . . .*

Europeans wear very narrow clothes and they wear shoes always in the house. Japanese wear clothes which are very *lenient* and do not *shoe* except when they walk *out-of-the-door*.

What we think very strange is that in Europe every wife loves her husband more than her parents. In Nippon there is no wife who more loves not her parents than her husband.

And Europeans walk out in the road with their wives,

Pidgin-English—Oriental Conversation

which we utterly refuse to, except on the festival of Hachiman.

The Japanese woman is treated by man as a servant, while the European woman is respected as a master. I think these customs are both bad.

We think it is very much trouble to treat European ladies; and we do not know why ladies are so much respected by Europeans.

Orientials ask and answer questions in a form which to Occidentals would seem to be the very opposite to the form in which they should be asked and answered. Here are examples of the Oriental form:

"You do not feel well?"

"No," meaning that he does not feel "not well"; he feels well.

"I do not look weary?"

"Yes," meaning that he does look "not weary."

"Is it not raining?"

"No," meaning that it is not "not raining"; it is raining.

"Are you not hungry?"

"Yes," meaning that he is not hungry.

"Do you not admire the cherry-blossoms?"

"No," meaning he does not "not admire" them; he admires them.

The Occidental would customarily answer in a form the very opposite. He who felt well when asked, "You do not feel well?" would reply "Yes,"

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meaning that he does feel well. In a word, the Occidental attempts to reply to the implication contained in the question while the Oriental replies to the question itself.

A servant in a hotel was studying English. He had heard some one say, "Don't mention it." Not understanding the phrase, he consulted his dictionary. The next day, when I thanked him, he said, "Don't talk."

There is a distinction between the Japanese way of speaking English and the Chinese way. A Chinese merchant, having occasion to write in English, refers to a dictionary. In picking out words that he deems suitable, he avoids Pidgin-English, but he evolves expressions no less odd.

A curio dealer in Peking (who had assumed the name "Tiffany" because his own name sounded like it) on his death left his business to his widow, and the widow, desiring to advise foreigners that two young men, a son and a former student of Mr. Tiffany, would thenceforth conduct the establishment, circulated a notice. She saved the expense of a translator by writing her own notice. It read:

The public is here by notified that owing mr. Tiffany was deid on the 1st June of this year a Successor mr. Peng-yung-fu will take his place as well as who is a student of mr. Tiffany all of the goods which we have been sold are guaranteed, even can be changed with each other and I am

Pidgin-English—Oriental Conversation

here declared of that no more person as such the name "Tiffany" in China except of mr. Peng-yung-fu & Chin pao shan i e one of his student & the other of his son.

TIFFANY (MRS)

A manufacturer of fire-crackers had printed a label which he pasted on each package of fire-crackers. It read:

NOTICE

We Have Spared Neither Pains now Money Using Nest Paper and Can Power to Make Our Fire Crackers Which Set More Quickly is it and Give Aluder Sound Then Thost His Where and Have Become to Famous New in China and in Foreign Countries Neither Are So Me Un Proved Cucular People Who imitate Our Trade Make Ploof Rememder But it is None Expect That Which Hears the Lithographs Lion Trade Mark.

YUT SHING
MADE IN CHINA

In spite of his English it is apparent that Yut Shing desired to inform the world that his fire-crackers in giving "aluder sound" were superior to all other fire-crackers.

Pidgin-English owes its existence not to the Chinese but to the Europeans who introduce and perpetuate it. The pity of it is that the Chinese, with their extreme patience, might just as easily ac-

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quire good English as the gibberish foisted upon them. They think the language we teach them is the language we speak. It is as if you were to tell them that Hamlet's soliloquy begins, "Can do, no can do, how fashion?"

My rickshaw boy in Peking, Han Foo, supported his wife and three children on fourteen dollars a month. When I asked him where he learned English he said, "My 'member words while washee." At first I thought he meant he studied in Washington, but later ascertained that he memorized words while working in a Peking laundry. Han Foo was illiterate. He could neither read nor write, yet he like others had laboriously acquired a tolerable command of English in the hope of increasing his income.

We reward their diligence by telling them to say, "Roof topside have makee break. Can catchee fix?" Or, "You too muchee boilem tea." Or, "Go catchee one wife." Step into a barber shop and hear this colloquy between an American and a Chinese barber:

"Mornin', barber man."

"Mornin', Missi. Wanchee my cuttee heh?"

"Yes; no wanchee cuttee too muchee. Can cuttee littee."

"Oll ligh. My savee. My cuttee any man heh. Wanchee shabe? Plentee man catchee my shabe he, ebbily mornin'. Beforetime Hongkong gubbenor ollo time my shabe he. Long time go way now, my no shabe he."

Pidgin-English—Oriental Conversation

A European family which had been called away lent to some friends their establishment, servants and all. The cook asked the visitors what was desired for dinner. Duck is a common Chinese dish. It seemed that at this time, while ordinary duck was available, it was the particular season for wild duck. So the cook said, "Missi, my tinkee more better hab flyaway duck to-day. Can catchee walkee-walkee duck any time."

Locations, or positions, are referred to as "sides"; the user of Pidgin says "topside" and "bottomside." "Number one" means the best quality or a person highest in authority; individuals or objects are always "pieces," as "one piece book" or "two piece men."

An Englishman, in ordering jars of the best ginger for shipment to England, said to a merchant, "My wanchee you catchee my pots numba one ginger send Englandside."

A coolie, who was thrown off a horse, on arising from the ground, said smiling, "My wanchee go topside he; he wanchee go topside my."

A European who called on two young women learned that the elder was up-stairs taking a bath and the younger one had gone out walking. The Chinese servant who conveyed the information said:

"That two piecee girl no can see. Numba one piecee topside makee washee-washee. Numba two piecee go outside makee walkee-walkee."

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A foreigner sauntering along the Summer Palace Road in Peking encountered a Chinese friend, who was carting home an elaborate coffin.

"What for you takee home that one piecee coffin?" asked the European. "What man have catchee die?"

"No man hab catchee die," answered the Chinese. "This one piecee coffin my just now gib my ole fader. S'pose he sometime catchee die, can usee."

"How much plice can catchee one piecee coffin ollo same for that?"

"My tinkee can catchee one ollo same so fashion one tousan dollar. S'pose you wanchee one piecee coffin, my catchee for you."

"Just now my no wanchee anyting. Sometime my wanchee you catchee one piecee coffin my come your shop looksee."

A European woman, who had arrived in Peking proud of her knowledge of Pidgin-English, was seated at a banquet next to a cultured Chinese official. On her way she had had difficulty in obtaining a rickshaw, had had to walk a distance, and was late, but she found the dinner good. Believing these details might interest her dinner-partner, she said, "My no can catchee rickshaw. Looksee upside, looksee downside. Muchee walkee-walkee. Come plenty late. But ollo same hab got numba one chowchow."

The Chinese official looked at her incredulously.

Pidgin-English—Oriental Conversation

"Hab got numba one chowchow," repeated the woman, confident of her Pidgin-English.

"Madam," said the Chinese, "if I understand your jargon correctly, you are trying to tell me that the dinner is good. Yes, I agree with you. The dinner is good. But your English is bad."

Pidgin-English was started on its inglorious career by the traders several centuries ago. The word "pidgin" means "business." We teach the Orientals business; and we teach them an infantile gibberish in which to transact it.

III

TOPSYTURVYDOM



BEFORE I went to the Far East I knew that the people on "the other side of the lantern" did many things which to us seemed the reverse of what was rational and proper.

I knew that they read a book from the back forward and put their foot-notes at the top of the page, not at the bottom; that they locked a door by turning the key to the left, not to the right; that on entering a house they took off their foot-gear, not their head-gear; that when they greeted a friend they shook their own hand, not his; that they drained a wet umbrella handle downward, not upward; that in sewing they pushed the needle from them, not toward them; that they struck a match toward them, not away from them; that they ate dessert before meals, not after; that in serving a cup of tea they placed the saucer over the cup, not under it; that to cool themselves they drank a hot beverage, not a cold one; that after bathing they dried themselves with a wet towel; that for mourning they wore white, not black; that in building a house they constructed the roof first; that their compasses pointed

Topsyturvydom

to the south, not to the north; that they said "west-south," not "southwest"; that their surnames came first, not last; that they addressed letters, "New York City, Street Blank 20, Smith, John Mr."

These instances in which the Orientals differ from us relate merely to customs and outward forms. I soon found that they were antipodal to us emotionally and mentally, exhibiting inward, invisible, and subjective processes that impelled me to exclaim, like Alice in Wonderland, "Curiouser and curiouser!"

In our measurements of time and distance we have a certain regard for exactness. A mile is a definite unit, midnight the exact division between two days. With the Chinese, though they are familiar with watches and clocks, noon may be any time between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. and midnight any time before dawn. It is not that they are careless; it is that to them time means only an approximation.

Distances are elastic. They stretch or contract according to the weather or the time of day. The distance from A to B may not be the same as the distance from B to A. My rickshaw boy, having pulled me from one town to another, insisted that the distance in returning was three times the distance in going, though he would travel over the same road and between exactly the same points. His explanation was that in returning it was uphill and the pull was three times as hard. Likewise in wet weather

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when the road was muddy, the distance, he contended, was five times as far as in dry weather, and at nights the lengths of the road increased enormously. Similarly, the equivalent for an acre varies according to the surface of the ground. An acre with an uneven surface, or with a surface of hills, naturally having more area than a perfectly smooth acre, is therefore more than an acre. The *li*, nominally one third of a mile, is as elastic as rubber.

A Chinese coolie was treated by a European physician for a pain in the back of the neck. After the pain in the neck had been relieved, the coolie blandly announced that he had not slept for eight days because of a pain in his knee. The coolie could not conceive that the pain in one place had any relation to a pain in another place. When he was asked why he had not previously mentioned the ailment in his knee, he explained that he thought it best to have his neck cured before he troubled about his knee. Chinese patients, when instructed to take medicine in minute doses, often swallow large doses, believing that, if a little of it does them good, much of it ought to do them more good.

Nerves are little known in China. The Chinese never jump when surprised, hardly ever complain when injured, are seldom hurried, irritated, or embarrassed, and when they sleep, neither the crying of babies, squealing of pigs, buzzing of flies, noises,

Topsyturvydom

or brass bands can disturb them. They sleep over wheelbarrows or in rickshaws jogging along the road in the sunshine, their open mouths a lure for flies. They sleep commonly in the daytime, for, ardent gamblers and midnight diners, they employ the reverse side of the day for rest. The highest government officials transact business at night; the cabinet meets after midnight, and the president issues decrees just before dawn.

Oriental antipodalism impresses us only because of our own fixed customs. Persons long resident in China soon question whether Oriental habits are stranger than ours. Philip W. Sergeant, in "The Great Dowager Empress of China," says: "It is unnecessary to seek for the 'topsyturvydom,' which foreigners delight to find in China, or to talk of 'the inscrutable East.' The East is no more inscrutable than the West. But all human nature becomes inscrutable if one begins by rejecting the simple explanations on account of their simplicity."

I once confided to a Chinese friend in the lobby of the hotel at Peking that the ways of Orientals perplexed me. I said some of their customs to me seemed queer.

"I notice that your countrymen sometimes wear dress-coats," he said.

"Yes; they do," I answered.

"And they wear buttons on the coat-tails."

"Yes."

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"Which they never button."

"Yes."

"And could not button if they wished, for there are no corresponding buttonholes."

"Yes."

"Well, to me *that* seems queer."

IV

A LITTLE REALISM

生
活

NOON on the Whangpoo, the river of Shanghai. As the Pacific liner drops anchor, sampans swarm around it to obtain the refuse thrown overboard. In each sampan a moon-faced Chinese woman squats beside a small stove in the bow, cooking the family meal. Chubby children, with little pigtailed of black hair tied in red strings, bail out water. The children are hitched to blocks of wood, so that, if they tumble into the river, they may be rescued easily. In the stern, a man steers and sweeps the water with a net attached to a pole. If an edible morsel is dropped from the liner within reach of the pole, the man snatches it quickly, lest it be snatched by a sea-gull from above or by a fish from beneath. In the quest for food the man competes with sea-gulls and fishes. Frequently he scowls at the sky and at the river, as if he regarded sea-gulls and fishes as his natural enemies.

He gleans a rich harvest—orange-skins, banana-peelings, lemon-rinds, apple-cores, bits of meat, scraps of bread, bottles, corks, tin cans, cigarette-boxes, tin-foil, newspapers, old caps, discarded

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shoes, anything that can be eaten, anything that can be worn, anything that can be reconverted. Nothing is useless.

The woman selects from the river's yield the most delectable bits for immediate consumption.

The man eats, the woman eats, and the children eat, and unceasingly while they eat, they watch for more. Sea-gulls, fishes, and human scavengers—all are hungry on the Whangpoo. . . .

Noon on the Hongkong waterfront. A gang of ragged women wait eagerly to pick up the rice that has been spilt in transit from a warehouse to a junk. The rice, in bags, is carried on the backs of coolies, and if a bag leaks a dozen women run after the coolie to catch the grain as it trickles out. The grains that fall to the ground are picked up one by one from about the coolies' feet or are swept into little heaps and scooped up with handfuls of dust.

On another wharf coolies are repacking sugar. As the emptied bags are thrown on the dock, the women examine them to pick from the hemp the particles of sugar that remain. When the junk is unloaded the women swarm on the dock and gang-plank to scrape up the muck that has been churned by the bare feet of a hundred coolies. Nothing is useless. . . .

Noon at Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yangtze. Down a narrow *hutung*, known as Iron-mongers' Lane, the shops throb and thunder with

A Little Realism

the beatings of hammers on anvils. In half a dozen shops, before the glare of blast-furnaces worked by hand, the artisans, naked to their waists, are shaping into hoes and plowshares, scissors and razors, the metal parts of guns which have been filched from soldiers and bandits. The barrel of a gun, bartered by a soldier, perhaps for a bowl of rice, is hammered into an axle, a crank for a water-wheel, or handles for buckets. The Chinese civilian values a gun for the possibilities of its metal. He cannot conceive that in firearms the metal has reached its ultimate usefulness.

In another shop the artisans are likewise shaping into hoes and plowshares, scissors and razors, the iron rings, bolts, and plates that have been pilfered from the Peking-Hankow Railroad. The railroad reports that every month fifty thousand rings, bolts, and plates are taken from its rolling-stock and tracks by persons who regard transportation as of minor importance. From places hundreds of miles away the metal is sent to Hankow for refabrication. . . .

Noon at Tientsin. On a busy corner where crowds are passing, a merchant spreads a blue cloth on the ground and on the cloth displays the articles he wishes to sell. When he has laid out buckles, signets, ink-slabs, writing-brushes, thumb-rings, fat gods carved out of soapstone, dragons, bits of jade, snuff-bottles with red and blue stoppers, sun-dials,

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glass beads, and carbon tracings of texts from Confucian tablets, he reaches into his bag and draws forth a handful of cheap buttons of brass and bone. The buttons, not commonly used by the Chinese, are offered as foreign novelties—the latest fashion in Europe and America. Then he extracts from the bag an empty perfume-bottle and admires the European letters on the label, which he cannot read. That also is a foreign novelty. Bottle and buttons are placed temptingly in the center of his display.

He is a shrewd merchant, for presently bottle and buttons are purchased by sweet-faced coolie women, who, like sweet-faced women everywhere, prefer foreign to domestic vanities.

Truly the novelties were imported. The perfume-bottle, emptied, was thrown by a foreigner upon a garbage-heap. The brass and bone buttons were picked up one by one along the docks where they had dropped off the trousers of European sailors. Nothing is useless. . . .

Noon in Peking. In a quarter where foreigners reside, a cook pokes his head out of a kitchen window and beckons a passing food-vender. He sells to the vender for a few coppers a little of each of the dishes which are to be served that day. The food-vender mixes the foreign food with the native and hawks it to the coolies in the street. When the cook makes tea for his master, he purloins a pinch

A Little Realism

and hides it. Pinch by pinch he accumulates a pound, which he resells to the dealer.

In the foreign quarter a portion of the natives subsist on the food they squeeze from the foreigners. It is a custom of the country, recognized by the natives as legitimate, for servants to retain a certain part of any property that passes through their hands. In the Occident it is called "commission"; in the Orient it is called "squeeze." . . .

Noon at Kalgan, a frontier gateway between China proper and Mongolia. The camels rest in the streets after toilsome trips across the Gobi. They are shedding. Their tawny hair dangles in ragged strips from their backs and legs. Each camel appears to be wearing a tattered blanket.

Presently women and children in a horde sneak among the newly arrived caravans and begin to pluck the loose hair from the camels. Despite the cursings of the camel-drivers, the thieves escape with handfuls of hair, which they hoard until they have accumulated a bale of it, when they sell it to a maker of camel's-hair cloth in Tientsin. Even the hair that falls off the camel and is blown away by the wind is salvaged by those who search for it. The wisps of hair picked up in a day's search are worth a few coppers. Nothing is useless. . . .

Some civilizations, like individuals, have a genius for economy—and misery.

DOWN THE YANGTZE

COOLIES loading boxes of eggs at Hankow, on the Yangtze. The eggs have been cracked open, canned, and packed in boxes. As a coolie, bent under the weight on his back, passes out of the warehouse, crosses the Bund, and drops his burden at the river-front, he receives a little stick, which entitles him to a fraction of a cent for carrying that load. In twelve hours' journeyings, out of the warehouse and back, he accumulates enough sticks to net twenty cents, a day's pay. . . .

At the river's edge a green-hulled steamer with gilt letters on its bow—"Eastern Star, Liverpool." . . . From the deck a great net, reaching down, collects the boxes of eggs and, pulling them up, deposits them in the steamer's hold. One hundred million eggs are shipped yearly from the heart of China to be mixed in puddings and cakes by the bakers of London and Edinburgh. . . .

The passenger-steamer for Shanghai pushes into midstream and drifts down the river in the night. The lights of Hankow fade or disappear as the distance increases or as objects obstruct them.

Down the Yangtze

Judged by its lights, Hankow might be a river city on the other side of the world. But there are strange boomings of gongs and ringings of temple-bells . . . The weird singsong of the coolies loading the *Eastern Star* . . . In the momentary flicker of a street-lamp, a coolie pulling a rickshaw. . . .

In the windings of the river the opposite banks loom and slink away mysteriously. The stars shift their positions. The half-moon drops toward a hill. It diffuses a silvery glow behind a pagoda. The pagoda, with nine balconies and peaked roof, looks like a silhouette cut out of black paper. . . .

A misty exhalation rises from the low banks and settles over the river. The shore-lights disappear. The mist thickens to a fog and blots out the universe. The steamer's anchor-chain rattles as the anchor reaches for a hold on the river's muddy bottom. The fog-horn begins. The steamer is as helpless as a child crying in the dark. . . .

Dawn. White fog. Shores are nowhere. There is no river; only the gurgling of it . . . Voices from sources invisible. . . . Chinese rivermen, unseen, drift by . . . There is a puff of wind, a rift in the fog. An object brushes overhead—the tip of a junk's sail, like the tip of a gigantic wing. A portion of the deck of a passing sampan . . . The rivermen are cooking their breakfast—black phantoms in a chaos of white.

The fog vanishes. At the river's edge, reached

Chinese Fantastics

by a flight of wide steps from a village, men and women are scooping water and carrying it away in buckets suspended from poles. Beyond, the green lands shimmer in the morning sunlight—limitless expanses of blooming tea-plants that border the Yangtze, “the river of fragrant tea-fields.” . . .

On the shore there looms occasionally a vision of curved roofs. Roofs of temples, dwellings, tea-houses, always curved. They suggest the sagging roofs of tents held up at the corners by poles. Tradition says the Chinese were nomads originally, and they preserved in the tile roofs, when they began building permanent homes, the drooping effect of their tent-coverings . . . Only the Orientals, in building roofs with catenary curves, have given to an inflexible substance the apparent flexibility of a textile . . .

Mid-afternoon. Kiukiang. Beggars push off-shore in tubs resembling huge wash-basins. Children and old women in rags gyrate the tubs around the steamer, pleading for coppers. Boys climb aboard the steamer to sell vases made at the Kiukiang porcelain works. The vases, half as tall as the boys, are decorated with fantastic pictures in relief—dragons, emperors, coolies, bridges, temples, landscapes. They suggest potentialities as umbrella-stands or places in which to stow theater-programs. Designed, shaped, baked, gilded, colored, marketed, the vases sell each for one dollar Mex. . . .

Down the Yangtze

Wuhu, farther down the river. They show the spot in the river where Li Tai-po, China's bibulous poet, is supposed, while drunk, to have drowned himself trying to catch the reflection of the moon. Sinologues aver that Li died respectably in bed. His poems "Drinking Alone in the Moonlight" and "Poignant Grief during a Sunny Spring" have survived twelve hundred years.¹ . . .

Wuhu's narrow streets are shaded by bamboo mats stretched overhead between the eaves of

¹ "He [Li] was drowned on a journey, from leaning one night too far over the edge of a boat in a drunken effort to embrace the reflection of the moon."—Dr. Giles in "A History of Chinese Literature."

"The tale of Li's drowning, reported by Dr. Giles and others, is pure legend."—Florence Ayscough in "Fir-Flower Tablets." She adds that Li died in A.D. 762, at the age of 61, while in the Lu Mountains, near Kiukiang.

"Mrs. Ayscough is right in rejecting the tempting morsel about Li's drowning."—Shigeyoshi Obata in "Li Po the Chinese Poet."

In "Drinking Alone in the Moonlight," Li apostrophizes his shadow and the moon as companions with himself in a drinking orgy, and concludes:

I sing, the wild moon wanders the sky.
I dance, my shadow goes tumbling about.
While we're awake, let us join in carousal;
Only sweet drunkenness shall ever part us.
Let us pledge a friendship no mortals know,
And often hail each other at evening
Far across the vast and vaporous space!

Amy Lowell, who versified Mrs. Ayscough's translation of Li's poetry in "Fir-Flower Tablets," holds Li in high esteem, appraising him as "one of the world's greatest lyrists."

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opposite buildings. The depths below are crepuscular and damp. Two rickshaws can barely pass . . . Smells and noises . . . Red meat in front of butcher shops, green cabbage, yellow faces, black pigtails, blue clothing . . . Mangy dogs beneath the stalls . . . Two hundred thousand people struggle and die in Wuhu without ever thinking of Manhattan. And Manhattan never thinks of Wuhu. . . .

Nanking . . . Southern capital under the Mings. . . . Site of the far-famed white porcelain pagoda, dismantled tile by tile and scattered during the Taiping Rebellion. . . . In the period of its glory the pagoda stood visible from points distant up and down the river, in the day musical with the tinklings of one hundred forty wind-bells hanging from its cornices, and in the night brilliant with the flickerings of myriad lanterns swinging from its nine upturned roofs. . . . In the valley of the Yangtze twenty million people were killed by the Taipings. Bloodiest of all civil wars. The dead were never counted. Their bones, graveless, were scattered to the winds, their identities forgotten . . . But the tiles of the porcelain pagoda were preserved—picked up one by one, dusted, wrapped, and distributed among the museums of the world. Some, battered by the Taiping rebels, repose safely within the sound of Fifth Avenue—in the Metropolitan

Down the Yangtze

Museum. By such trifles are civilizations remembered. . . . Men perish; tiles endure. . . .

As the Yangtze nears the end of its three-thousand-mile journey from the table-lands of Tibet it accelerates its speed, eager for the sea. Its shores widen. It leaps over great rocks. One rock, rising from midstream near the river's mouth, forms a "picture island." . . . On top of the rock a temple under a spreading pine-tree . . . On the rock's sides the tumbling ruins of a monastery. On the side facing toward the sea a formation which resembles the form of a woman . . . To some, who float down the Yangtze, the formation suggests only the woman of a legend who, having watched her husband go to sea, stands there, waiting, waiting, waiting. To others, it suggests symbolized China, looking toward the future and waiting, waiting, waiting.

VI

GLIMPSES OF LIFE

瞥見

ON the stalls of Lung Fu Ssu, a market in Peking, the merchants offer for sale tiny bamboo whistles designed to be attached to the tails of pigeons. The music produced by the whistles as they are carried through the air by the pigeons is a curious expression of Chinese emotional life. The whistles are of various kinds—some with a single tube no larger than a baby's little finger; others with a cluster of tubes; others with tubes joined to little gourds about the size of hickory-nuts. The tubes are provided with numerous stops and the gourds with apertures to give their tone range and variety. Dried and scraped to the thinness of paper and waterproofed by lacquer, the whistles are secured to the pigeons' tails by fine copper wire. Held in the palm of the hand, a whistle, with its smooth lacquer of yellow, brown, red, or black, seems as light as thistle-down. Wafted through the air, it emits a faint ghostly murmur.

Often in the blue Peking sky there may be seen a

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flock of pigeons, to the tail of each of which a whistle is attached. As the flock flies over the Tartar City, the Forbidden City, the squalid Chinese City, the indigo-roofed Temple of Heaven, the fifty or the hundred whistles resound with varying intensity, soft and melodiously flute-like when the pigeons soar skyward, deep and sonorous when they swoop low. The crowds in the street stop and look upward; the rickshaw coolies slacken their speed and pause, fascinated by the witchery of aerial harmonies; the tradesmen in the market smile contentedly; an old man in his garden ecstatically closes his eyes, as if he already heard celestial music; in all the world the Chinese alone are able to listen to melodies regurgitating downward from an orchestra in the sky.

It appears that long, long ago—perhaps as long ago as when Marco Polo visited the capital of Kublai Khan—pigeons, equipped with whistles, were employed to carry quotations of the silver market between banks and money-changers. The money-changer or speculator knew by the whistle peculiar to his flock that his messengers were on the wing, and as speed in the business of speculation was as essential then as it is now it often happened that the winning or losing of a fortune depended upon the safety of a pigeon's flight. Six hundred, perhaps a thousand, years ago, pigeons in China were performing the service of stock-tickers, flying between

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anxious bankers and money-changers when Wall Street was yet undreamt of.¹ . . .



Of the insects that are considered musical by the Chinese, one commonly heard is the cicada, which resembles a grasshopper. Its *s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z* *shish-jick* suggests a griding of scissors; to unaccustomed ears, the stridulation has a throbbing, vibratory effect, as the *s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z* rises in a piercing crescendo and the *shish-jick*, in a tumult of sound, stops with a crackling snap. It is produced only by the male cicadas, which carry under their wings wrinkled membranes stretched over drums or air-tubes; when the wings are rubbed over the membranes the drums increase the volume of sound. The circumstance that only the males are articulate inspired a native couplet:

Happy the cicadas' lives,
For they all have voiceless wives!

In summer, when they abound in the trees, the cicadas are caught in a sticky paste of rice and bird-

¹ Before the adoption of swifter communication, native merchants in Hongkong used pigeons to send to Canton news of the arrivals and departures of ships and of the condition of the silk and tea markets; the pigeons were equipped with whistles to frighten hawks which otherwise might attack them.

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lime which is smeared on poles and thrust up among the branches of the trees. Caught in the paste, they are imprisoned in little cages of bamboo strips and are sold in the markets.

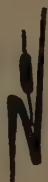
On the sidewalks of the busy street just outside the Chien Gate, there are rows of large willow baskets. The baskets contain innumerable cages, and each cage contains a cicada. When a purchaser advances from among the bystanders, the vender lifts the lid of a basket and draws out a cage, suspending it by a thread from the end of his finger. An old man fetches his wallet from his bosom, buys a cicada for a few coppers, and departs, smiling as if in anticipation of melodic pleasures. A little pink-cheeked girl, wearing pale-blue trousers and a plum-colored jacket, and with her jet-black hair tied in braids on the top of her head, makes a purchase and toddles away, swinging her cage by its thread, while the cicada inside ejaculates its harsh *s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z shish-jick* in a tone disproportionate to the size of its mistress. In the back streets of Peking, on a hot afternoon, cicadas pour out their strident noises to dreamy listeners—to a lazy merchant, lounging in the doorway of his shop, to a woman sewing by the window, to children squatted on the ground near a cage hung from the branch of a tree.

I am aware, when I call the cicadas discordant, that I merely may be insensible to Oriental melody.

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What in the Occident is called Oriental music is unknown in the Far East. [The Chinese enjoy sounds that to western ears seem disagreeable; their voices are high-pitched when they talk and shrill when they sing; their music is the music of gongs, drums, rasping fiddles, and screeching flutes.

Perhaps their earliest teacher was the cicada, chirping its strident *s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z-s-z shish-jick* along the muddy Hwang-ho or in the bamboo forests.



Soochow, city of canals and bridges . . . In an open boat drifting on a muddy pool sits a fisherman, who catches fish without hook or net. Projecting from the boat over the water's surface there are a number of bamboo poles on which cormorants perch in a row. Occasionally the fisherman, gazing into the water, pushes the cormorants from their perches by touching them with a stick. The cormorants circle overhead and presently dive into the water. When they reappear each has a fish wriggling in its bill or struggling partly down its throat. The cormorants finally return to the boat and disgorge their plunder. If a cormorant attempts to swallow a fish, it is prevented by a straw ring fitted snugly

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around its neck. The fisherman runs his forefinger along the neck where the ring has stopped the fish, and the fish plops out alive into the bottom of the boat.

Rescued from the stomach of a cormorant, the fish finds itself soon in the stomach of a Chinese! . . .



Frequently Han Foo and I stroll in the inclosure that foreigners call Central Park. We wander to a clump of cryptomeria trees where we find set out in the shade black earthenware jars. The jars contain goldfish. We notice that the wooden lids are drawn aside to admit into the dark depths of the jars varying degrees of light. The jars that are still covered or that are only partly uncovered contain millions of eggs or tiny fish that have just burst their prenatal prisons and have begun to wriggle about. The jars that are wholly uncovered to admit the full light contain grown fish. They are of the bright red of ripe cherries. The brilliance of their vermilion and flashing iridescent gold is enhanced by the filthy green of the water. They have filmy tails, double, triple, or quadruple, and fins that are like little clouds, tinged red by a sunset. Their bulging eyes are as big as peas.

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Presumably the goldfish are cultivated for the beauty of their tails and fins, for the Chinese gaze at them admiringly. Once, while we stood beneath the cryptomerias, a fish-seller plunged his hand into a jar and drew out a bright red fish. He appeared to admire it. Presently he put it between his teeth and crunched and swallowed it.

VII

BITS OF OLD CHINA

CHINESE etiquette requires, when a guest is placed at a table, that he be seated facing the door, on the theory that if his enemy entered he would be prepared for an emergency. . . . It is improper at an entertainment in a private home to applaud by the clapping of hands, because the *cha-chi*, or malign spirits, are dispersed by the clapping of hands, and thus to applaud would be to suggest that the host's home were inhabited by devils. . . . In a drawing-room it is polite to remove spectacles in the manner in which men remove their hats in western society. . . . A visiting-card, usually five inches long and printed on red paper, commonly has on the back of it a notice that it is intended for ceremonial use only, that it is not a receipt for money, and that it may not be used to involve the person whose name it bears in any business transaction. . . . At a social affair it is untactful to ask a debtor for money; if a creditor desires to regain ten dollars he has lent, he asks, not for the return of the ten dollars, but for a loan of ten dollars. . . . A cup of tea, a book, or other small object, when presented to a guest, is held in two hands, never in one hand. . . . The fan when

習俗

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not in use is folded and stuck behind the collar at the back of the neck. . . . If a pigtail is worn, it is hung down the back; to wear it coiled about the top of the head, as Chinese laundrymen used to do, is indecorous. . . . To glance sidewise implies sinister intentions; there is a saying that "when the eye looks askance the heart is askew." . . . If a person in passing a friend in the street desires to avoid the formality of bowing and perhaps stopping he may indicate his desire by holding his outspread fan before his face; a person with his face thus hidden is understood to be not visible. It is not uncommon in Peking to see a high official passing through a crowd behind several large fans held before him by his servants; if he appeared with face uncovered he would be obliged to acknowledge the deferential bows of officials of lesser rank. . . . A total abstainer, not wishing to be remiss at a banquet, delegates his drinking to a servant. The servant, standing at a respectful distance, advances whenever a toast is proposed, lifts his master's cup, and drinks. The master is thus vicariously able to drink indefinitely. The servant, drunk, may be replaced by a sober one. . . . It is customary for a son, when his mother or father is old, to send home a coffin as a present. The coffin, carved and decorated as lavishly as the family's means will permit, is placed in the chief room, where relatives and friends are invited to inspect it. It is dusted and polished, as

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if it were a piano, and often admiringly fondled by the one who is to occupy it. . . . It is not permissible to die in bed; if a dying person appears to be approaching the end, he is taken out of bed and placed on a temporary couch; otherwise his spirit after his death would cling to the bed and render it useless. . . . Men in conversations never mention their wives or other female members of their families, because to mention them would be unrefined. . . . It is a mark of good breeding to manifest interest in a stranger's income, the fit of his clothes, his age and the state of his appetite. It is also good breeding to flatter a stranger and to affect humility when flattered by him; a man who lives in a palace, bears an honored name, is father of numerous sons, and has attained a venerable age will describe his home as a hut, his name as unworthy, his sons as little pigs, and his age as insignificant. . . . As a token of deference it is customary at dinner for a person with his chop-sticks to pick up a morsel of food from his plate and drop it into the mouth of a neighbor. After a hearty meal, as expressive of gratitude to the host, it is allowable to belch!



It is indelicate to refer directly to a person's death. A Chinese will mention death in the case

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of a plant or an animal, but he will resort to any periphrasis to avoid mentioning it in the case of a relative or friend. A person who has died has "gone for a stroll" or has "bidden adieu"; formerly when the emperor died he "mounted a dragon and ascended on high"; a Buddhist priest is "resolved into nothingness"; a Taoist priest "takes a flight." When a man's wife dies his "guitar-string is broken," and a whole evening may be devoted to the discussion of a broken guitar-string without mention of the wife's death.

To "put on paint" is to affect to be stylish; to "put down a barrow" is to go on strike; to "eat a house" is to sell an estate and squander the proceeds; to "sprinkle water" is to distribute bribes; to "scorch" is to fail to keep an appointment; to "ride a donkey" is for a servant to squeeze out of his master's money enough to pay for a ride when he is on an errand, for the Chinese are averse to walking. The "mane on a horse" refers to broken glass scattered on top of a wall to keep out thieves. To be "generous with rice-water" alludes to a stingy host who serves more water than rice. To have "only a candle-end left" implies the near completion of a job. To "make a slit" is to bribe a gate-keeper for admission into an official's house. A "crooked stick" is an eccentric man, who, like a crooked stick among straight ones, disarranges the

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whole bundle. Wrinkles about the eyes are not "crows' feet" but "fishes' tails."



What the wise men of China said ages ago is as true to-day as when they said it. . . . Chuang Tzu, an ancient mystic, said: "I dreamt I was fluttering hither and thither like a butterfly. I was conscious of being only a butterfly. When I awoke I appeared to be a man. Now I wonder whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man." . . . Hui Tzu, a Chinese sage, said: "There are feathers in the new-laid egg, because they ultimately appear on the chicken; if there were no feathers in the egg there could be none ultimately on the chicken." I never understood whether his observation was intended to be humorous or serious, but it caused me to dislike eggs temporarily because the reasoning seemed sound. . . . It is not as humor alone that other sayings of Hui Tzu are to be read. "If you bow at all, bow low. . . . Words whispered on earth sound like thunder in heaven. . . . In misfortune, gold is dull; in happiness, iron is bright. . . . He who rides a tiger cannot dismount. . . . Half an orange tastes as sweet as a whole one. . . . Wine does not intoxicate a man;

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the man intoxicates himself by drinking the wine." . . . Virtue, said Confucius, is founded on five principles—gravity, generosity, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness; for, if you are grave you will be respected, if you are generous you will win favor, if you are sincere you will be trusted, if you are earnest you will accomplish much, and if you are kind you will enjoy the services of others.



Coolies, working on an excavation, removed the earth by carrying it in baskets on their heads. They were given wheelbarrows, that the removal of the earth might be expedited. The coolies, discarding the baskets, then carried the wheelbarrows on their heads. Their comment was that the wheelbarrows were not so convenient to carry as the baskets were. It was not uncommon, when the coolies went home after work, to see them, with their wheelbarrows, the wheels, detached, swung from one end of a pole and the rest of the barrow swung from the other end. . . . There is the classic story of a Chinese tailor, who, when told to make a new suit exactly like an old one, inserted in the new suit a patch precisely the same as a patch he had found in the old one; the story of a native calligraphist who, given a

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manuscript to copy, also copied a blot on the manuscript; and the story of a Chinese cook who, having seen his mistress throw away a bad egg while mixing ingredients for a cake, always broke an egg and threw it away as a preliminary to his own cake-baking; the stories, though probably untrue, represent, not unfairly, the inborn slavishness to precedent. . . . It was hundreds of years ago that China first imported from Europe a mechanical timepiece to replace the clepsydra, an instrument which measured time by the trickling of water. It happened that the imported timepiece, an early design, could not be rewound until it had run down. Many modern Chinese carry two watches, that one of them may be rewound just before the other runs down, the belief that a timepiece could not be rewound while it is running having survived since the importation of the first clock.



At the entrance to the Grand Hôtel de Pékin I met a man who was selling Pekingese puppies. I asked him if the puppies were smart. He answered that they were smart and added that all puppies were smart. Then he said: "A puppy, I perceive, learns more rapidly than a man. When it is six months old, if fed and protected from unnatural dangers, it is virtually independent, but, then, when it is sufficiently wise for its needs. its mental growth

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ceases or almost ceases. The intellectual development of man is slower. When he is six months old, he is virtually helpless, but he continues to develop until maturity and sometimes even afterward. Yet never does he learn as rapidly as a new-born puppy. If he learned continuously from his birth as rapidly as a puppy learns during its first six months, his accumulated wisdom would be such that at five years of age he would be a scholar, at ten a sage, and at fifteen a god, for at that age he would know everything."



Arthur H. Smith, describing the peculiarities of the Chinese in his "Chinese Characteristics," compares China to a cow-lick. "There is," he says, "a certain growth of hair on many human heads which consists of definite tufts, quite persistent in the direction of their growth, and generally incapable of any modification. Such a growth is vulgarly called a 'cow-lick,' and as it cannot be controlled, the remaining hairs, however numerous they may be, must be arranged with reference thereto. If the planet on which we dwell be considered as a head, and the several nations as the hair, the Chinese race is a veritable cow-lick, capable of being combed, clipped, and possibly shaved, but which is certain to grow

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again just as before, and the general direction of which is not likely to be changed."

The Chinese might answer that the cow-lick (China) at least grows vigorously and always in a definite direction, while the rest of the hair (the other nations) yields to the whisk of every new brush applied to it, falling now in one direction and now in another, becoming sometimes thin and sometimes even extinct.



Every one in the Orient guards his "face." There is no high official so corrupt but that he has a reputation to maintain, no coolie so humble but that he has prestige to sustain. . . . A servant, who had been reprimanded before his fellow-servants, decided that he would have to resign to save his face. But he desired to know, if he did resign, whether he would be hired back again. . . . A magistrate, convicted of a crime, was sentenced to decapitation. He requested that he be permitted to wear his judicial robes while his head was severed. Only by appearing before the executioners in his robes could he save his face. A man who is about to be decapitated, fearing that he would lose face if he appeared headless in the next world, will im-

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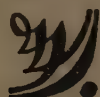
portune his relatives, if they have money, to bribe the executioners to sew on his head after it has been severed. . . . Students, when informed by their teacher that a western man proposes directly to the woman he wishes to marry, were astonished, for they could not understand how the man, in the event of refusal, could survive the loss of face.



A male servant in the Orient, whatever his age, is a "boy." In China you call simply, "Boy!" in Japan you call "Boy-san!" which means "honorable boy." The Japanese servant would be offended if you omitted the honorific title. The Chinese boy does n't care. The difference is the difference between China and Japan. . . . A Britisher in Peking had a servant who prepared his master's breakfast, put on his shoes, pulled him in a rickshaw to the club, helped him on with his tennis-clothes, and served him with beverages. As the Britisher stood playing tennis in the sun, the servant said: "My master is a fool. Otherwise he would let me hit that ball for him, since he pays me to do his work." . . . A European eye specialist in a village interested himself in a blind beggar. The beggar's sight,

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he found, was obscured by a cataract that might easily be removed. When the operation had been performed and his sight restored, the beggar insisted that the specialist was liable for his support, and he demanded a position as gate-keeper. "For," said the beggar, "by restoring my sight you have taken from me my only means of livelihood."



In none of the innovations which western civilization has introduced into China is the naïveté of the Chinese more apparent than in their newspapers. . . . It was the custom of "The Times," of London, in commenting editorially on the pessimistic reports of its correspondent in Peking, to describe China as a land of political chaos, financial ruin, social confusion, and economic disorder. The Reuter News Agency, supposing the view of "The Times" to be of interest to the Far East, usually telegraphed a synopsis of the comment to the Chinese newspapers. A Peking newspaper published a Reuter despatch one morning with its own naïve comment subjoined, "Note by the Editor: It seems to us that Reuter might have saved the expense of telegraphing from London what every one in the Far East already knows." . . . A notice that the foreign banks would be closed on certain holidays ap-

peared on the front page of a newspaper with the comment: "Note by the Editor: In some countries banks pay for their advertisements."

It is a practice of Chinese newspapers to tell in the end what should be told in the beginning, as in an item about a prince, which said, in the first paragraph, that he was ill and, in the last, that he had died. . . . An official named Mr. Sung was authorized to communicate to the public information concerning the president of China and the members of his cabinet. Mr. Sung's office was located within the Imperial City. No spot in Peking is more romantic. There are tiny palaces, clustered picturesquely on an island, a little lake covered with lotus, a marble bridge connecting the island with the mainland, storks stalking in the shallow water, willows, pavilions, terraces, curved roofs of yellow tile. Passing these memorials of bygone tragedies—a palace on the island in which Emperor Kwang Hsu died mysteriously; a well near the marble bridge into which Kwang Hsu's favorite wife was flung alive—one rides in a rickshaw along a road by the lake, crosses a courtyard fragrant with blossoming fruit-trees, and enters Mr. Sung's office. Mr. Sung, dressed in a native costume, while tea is served, draws from his wide sleeves a number of memoranda. The president, he says, taking up the first memorandum and leisurely scanning its contents, has been advised by telegraph that the burial

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shrines of Confucius in Shantung have been damaged by a hail-storm, that the hailstones were as big as watermelons, that the windows of the shrine were smashed and that the keeper needs funds for repairs; but considering that Chinese windows are glazed with paper, that the description of the hailstones as of the size of watermelons was probably hyperbolical, and that all officials need funds, we dismiss the announcement as unimportant, and Mr. Sung searches the contents of the next memorandum. He says that each year on a certain day, now approaching, superstitious Chinese observe a custom of applying medicinal plasters to cure their ailments; the plasters, made of gauze and cut in small disks, are smeared on one side with an adhesive tar, which makes them stick wherever they are put; on the morning of the celebration the people of Peking appear on the streets with plasters stuck over eyes, ears, elbows, shins, arms, and legs, as if the night before they had engaged in a general fight.

It becomes evident that Mr. Sung has described the hail-storm and the plasters merely to be indirect. When he reaches for his final memorandum and consults it, he announces casually what he most desired to tell, that troops have surrounded the presidential palace and that the Government is temporarily without an executive head. "For," says Mr. Sung, "the president resigned early this morning and fled in a special train for Tientsin."



"Bamboo" has contributed to the English language two picturesque colloquialisms: "joint," as a designation for a low dive, was derived from "joints" in the bamboo stems of pipes used in opium dens; "bamboozle," to trick, hoodwink, or swindle, is traceable to a Chinese custom of punishing offenders by beating them with bamboo sticks. Outside of these terms, invented by Europeans and unknown to the Chinese, the influence of bamboo on Occidental civilization is negligible; its influence on Oriental civilization is incalculable. What iron is to the West bamboo is to the East.

Of it are made masts for junks, punting-poles for sampans, poles with which coolies carry the nation's freight, implements for farmers, roofs for houses; scaffolding for building, pipes for drainage, girders for bridges, ribs for umbrellas, frames for fans, handles for writing-brushes, rims for spectacles; combs, baskets, sieves, screens, sunshades, buckets, needles, chop-sticks, pipe-stems, flower-stakes, trellis-work, flutes, fiddles, fifes, candlesticks, lanterns, furniture; its leaves are woven into clothing and hats, its fiber into the soles of shoes; its young sprouts are cooked and eaten or, pickled, are used as a relish; a substance found in its joints is compounded into medicine. It appears everywhere in

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art and life; a clump of bamboo is the haunt of the dreamer, the detail by which the painter enhances the beauty of a landscape, the background before which the novelist or the poet develops a romance. No single article has so influenced a people, materially and esthetically, as the bamboo has the Chinese.

Why, says China, should my people toil in foundries and iron-mills, inhaling grime and smoke? Out of bamboo they can fashion their needs, breathing only fresh air and sunshine. Industrialism is a phase that, having appeared rapidly, will disappear rapidly. With me, China, it was the bamboo age a thousand years ago; with me it will be the bamboo age a thousand years hence.



The first time I rode on the train between Peking and Shanghai I was surprised to see black lines painted across the train windows. On inquiry I learned that the rural Chinese, who glaze the windows of their homes with a tough translucent paper and who are unfamiliar with glass windows, had been in the habit of poking their heads through the glass with such a resultant of cut heads and broken windows that the black lines had been adopted to

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advise inexperienced travelers that there was a transparent substance between them and the outside. I did not see any Chinese poke his head through the window, though I watched for it, but while I was talking to a Chinese passenger, I attempted to throw a cigar-stub over the black line, thinking the line was the top of the window-sash. The cigar-stub hit the glass and bounded back. "A good idea, that black line," said my Chinese companion. "It spares many foreigners from poking their heads through the glass."



There may be seen, jangling through the streets of Mukden, the metropolis of Manchuria, a number of dilapidated old street-cars. Each car, drawn by three shaggy Mongolian ponies, is driven by a Chinese who holds the reins with one hand and with the other shakes a bell to warn the crowds in the street that the car is approaching. Out of the windows protrude hands, clutching long-stemmed pipes, heads with dangling pigtails, and faces aglow with the novelty of riding in a street-car. No European faces are visible in the car. The passengers, in blue clothes, squat on the seats, their feet in felt shoes doubled beneath them. They smoke pipes and look

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out the windows. The fare is a few coppers.

The cars were a western innovation. They were the old horse-cars used in New York City thirty or forty years ago, the cars that rumbled across Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Forty-second, and other of the cross-town streets. Discarded by New York, they were sold to Tokio; discarded by Tokio, they were sold to Mukden.

There are memories in old horse-cars; memories of fashions now abandoned, of merry playgoers now silent, of theaters now closed, of early toilers and burdened shoppers now gone, of streets now changed. The memories seem to cling to the old horse-cars still as they jangle through the streets of Mukden.



I knew her only for a moment, but the memory of her will linger for years. She resided in Mukden. Her proper place was the back yard, but, hearing the voices of strangers, she bounded around the corner of the house, rushed to the front steps, and manifested her joy by running in circles and leaping into the air. Her pink moist tongue lolled over her chops as if she were laughing, and her eyes were full of merriment. That was the only lan-

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guage she spoke, although she understood English and Chinese. She even responded to Russian and Japanese, for the human voice was sweet to her in whatever language she heard it. She loved everybody, and she was without guile.

She was of the breed known as bull-terrier. If she had a pedigree, she either was so sure of it that she was unpretentious about it, or she did n't care. Surely she never chased a bull, and "terrier" misrepresented her affability. She went by the name of Maskee, which is Chinese for "never mind." The four or five years of her active life had been devoted to her home—a house in the foreign quarter of Mukden, differing from Chinese houses in that it was surrounded by a garden—and her job was to play in the back yard with Mr. Baker's children. Mr. Baker was a merchant who formerly had been American consul-general. In his official capacity he had, I believe, once taken Maskee on a visit to Chang Tso-lin, the great Manchurian war-lord. Amiable while in the palace, she nevertheless gave the Baker children on her return renewed assurances of her preference for them.

It was her custom, when exhausted by play, to stretch herself under the lilac-bushes. Her sleep was light, for she bounded up quickly at the sound of a familiar voice. She had some idiosyncrasies. Sometimes she would pause in the middle of the garden and stand motionless, as if suddenly fasci-

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nated by the distant temple-bells. Or she would gaze meditatively skyward at the black crows flying overhead. But that was when she was serious, which was seldom.

In her brief life she had had a prodigious offspring. Her sons and daughters were scattered widely in Mukden. The British consul-general had one. The French vice-consul had one. The Italian consul had one. The secretary of the Japanese consulate had one. The Belgian consular agent had one. Mr. Baker retained three, and it was reported, by whispering scandal-mongers, that her progeny in the Chinese quarter was legion.

"On the six-fifteen train Maskee goes to Niu-chwang," said Mr. Baker. Yes, it had to be done. The consular circle at Mukden had all of Maskee's offspring it could take care of. There was a friend at Niu-chwang who wanted Maskee. "Tell Wang to be ready to take Maskee to the six-fifteen train," said Mr. Baker. "And don't let the children know about it." It was a coincidence that she was to go on the day we arrived, and we were sad, because Maskee's greeting at the front door had been the cheerfulest greeting we had received in all Asia. . . .

Niu-chwang, a town on the Gulf of Chihli, had a far-away sound, a suggestion of inhospitable Chinese walls and crowded wharves; perhaps there would be no garden, no lilac-bushes, no crows flying overhead, no children. . . .

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Don't let the children know about it, Mr. Baker had said. I do not know whether Maskee suspected, but if she did she concealed it with her usual cheerfulness.

It was four o'clock when Mr. Baker had said not to tell the children. At four-fifteen they were all playing down the road—the children, Maskee, and her three latest offspring. There were a lot of slow-moving dirt-carts, each with two enormous wheels provided with wide tires to keep them in rainy weather from sinking into the Manchurian mud; and on each cart there was a good-natured coolie driver who permitted the children and Maskee to jump on and off. The coolies liked Maskee, because she was as demonstrative toward them as she was to the high and mighty foreign consuls.

While the children were playing, Mr. Baker recalled how Maskee, when she was a few months old, had been delivered to the house by a coolie. Mr. Baker offered to reward the coolie, but the coolie, indicating that he had been sufficiently rewarded by having carried her, said, "Maskee." Whether because of the new arrival's happy disposition or because of the word spoken by the coolie, Mrs. Baker had said, "Maskee, Maskee; that's a good name for her!" And Maskee it was.

At that moment one of the children ran into the yard and said breathlessly, "Maskee's hurt!" She had been jumping on and off one of the dirt-carts

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and had jumped in front of a wheel. A coolie, the driver of the cart, carried her into the yard and laid her on the ground. She looked up and wagged her tail. Then she was motionless. . . .

A special providence, it seemed to me, had saved Maskee from exile in far-away Niu-chwang, had consigned her forever to the back yard where she had played, listened to the temple-bells, or gazed meditatively at the black crows flying overhead.



Bubbling Well Road extends through the fashionable residential quarter of Shanghai. It is the best-known street in the Far East. You reach it by following the Nanking Road past the race-course, and you are lured to stroll along it because of its poetic name, though the bubbling well after which it was called long ago ceased to bubble.

As you saunter along, observing the bubble of life, perhaps there is nothing more remote from your thoughts than Dickens. Dickens himself, of course, never visited Bubbling Well Road, and there is nothing Dickensian about either the people or the buildings. You scan the signs over the shops of the Chinese merchants, in quaintly crippled English, until you happen to gaze upon a particular sign

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that causes you to pause momentarily and to wonder whether you are in a world of fact or fiction. For across the front of a grocery, patronized by foreigners, you read, "Dombey & Son, Limited."

Was it in childhood or only recently that you read a novel by that name? What of Paul Dombey and his devoted sister Florence, and their cold-blooded, purse-proud father? Surely it was fiction, somehow associated with the streets of London. You recall that Mr. Dombey, who lived in Portland Place and had an office in the financial district, was ambitious; that his hopes were centered in the little invalid Paul, his son, and his ambition was to be able to put a sign over his business, "Dombey & Son"; that his wife had died and he had married a second time and his second wife had eloped with Mr. Carker; that little Paul, after attending Dr. Blimber's school and listening to what the wild waves were saying on the beach at Brighton, died, and Mr. Dombey's ambition to see "Dombey & Son" painted on his office door was frustrated forever.

Walking in Bubbling Well Road, ten thousand miles from the streets of Dickens, you see Mr. Dombey's ambition realized. How is it that he appears in the Orient at the head of a thriving business, when, his career ended, he was appropriately buried in English soil by Dickens?

The Chinese owner of a little grocery store in a side street was known as "Domba" to the foreigners

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who patronized him. Some one called him Dombey, which led Britishers to refer to his firm as "Dombey & Son." The Chinese grocer scratched his head, as schemers in all nations do when their heads are invaded by titillating ideas.

" 'Dombey & Son' sound nice," mused the Chinese merchant. "My t'ink makee good name. Makee plover numba one name. S'pose my takee name? Makee plenty business. Can do."

The venture prospered. The merchant soon was able to move from his side street to the fashionable residential quarter. He had a sign painted and, having incorporated himself, added "Limited" to his name.

The sign hangs there, greeting you as you stroll along Bubbling Well Road. It is a sign that, doubtless, Mr. Dombey would rise out of his fictitious grave to see and pay his fictitious fortune to own. Or, if little Paul could see it, perhaps he would clap his hands and say to Florence that *that* was what the wild waves were saying.

說 龍

VIII

DRAGONS AND DRAGONRIES

PERHAPS no civilization has given to a mythical monster so varied a significance as the Chinese have to the dragon. The dragon appears in religion, superstition, art, science, government, and commerce. It permeates every phase of Chinese life, visible and invisible, natural and supernatural, sacred and profane. In its visible forms it appears in paintings, sculpture, architecture, in designs for jewelry, fabrics, porcelain, chests, furniture, draperies, in carvings on gateways, posts, wells, fountains, conduits, waterspouts, eaves, temples, bridges, in decorations in gardens, cemeteries, parks. Invisibly, it abounds in the lore of poetry and prose, legendary history, Buddhism and Taoism. It is the unseen force that causes floods, typhoons, earthquakes, drouths, fires, pestilences, eclipses, births, and deaths; it inflicts misfortune on individuals, families, villages, cities, or nations. It is associated with everything terrifying or mysterious.

Politically it symbolizes earthly omnipotence. Before the republic was established it was the sym-

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bol of imperial power: the emperor's mind by which he guided the nation was the Dragon's Wisdom; the emperor's hand by which he grasped the symbol of authority was the Dragon's Claw, the emperor's eye by which he watched his people was the Dragon's Eye; the emperor's children were Dragon Seed; the emperor's throne was the Dragon's Throne; and the emperor, dying, "mounted the Dragon and ascended on high." When China, hitherto without a flag, opened its eyes to the patriotic menagerie in which were the British lion, the French cock, the American eagle, and the German double-headed bird, it adopted the dragon as its emblem, emblazoning it on a background of yellow and giving it five claws as become an imperial dragon distinguished from other dragons which have only four claws.

Of the origin of the dragon as a force for striking terror, history has no record. It probably was common to all primitive people who invented it to explain natural phenomena otherwise unexplainable. In the western world primitive man slew the dragon and finally banished it, but in the Far East the dragon slew man and still dominates him. If there ever existed a monster comparable to a dragon, it, paleontologists explain, was probably a gigantic lizard that thrived prehistorically in the highlands of Central Asia and that "possibly was provided with wings, had a body protected by armor and

spikes, and was capable, when attacked, of progressing while erect on its hind legs." ¹

The Chinese conception of a dragon is that it embodies within its structure physical qualifications to inflict any form of destruction. It has teeth, claws, feet, wings, tail; it is beast, bird, fish, reptile; it can walk, run, crawl, swim, fly, climb. A native description is: "It has the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the ears of a cow, the eyes of a hare, the neck of a snake, the stomach of an iguanodon, the scales of a carp, the claws of a hawk, the paws of a tiger." Its scales number eighty-one, or nine times nine, the extreme odd or lucky number; it possesses all the luck that humans covet. Its voice is as the booming of a gong. Its breath is fire, fog, or rain. It renders itself visible or invisible. It swells to the dimensions of heaven or shrinks to the size of a silkworm. The configuration of the land is attributed to its anatomy when the configuration seems to suggest its tail, legs, claws, or head, and it provides localities with geographical names: Kowloon, opposite Hongkong, is "Nine Dragons"; the Loochoo Island group is "Sleeping Dragon."

¹ The theory that the Chinese derived their idea of the dragon from an animal now extinct is defended by Charles Gould, who, in "Mythical Monsters," asserts that the dragon "is more likely to have had a real existence than to be a mere offspring of fancy"; its original, he says, was probably a long spiked and armored lizard that lived in the highlands of Central Asia and disappeared "about the time of the biblical deluge."

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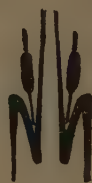
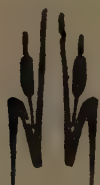
Angered, the dragon manifests its displeasure in floods, drouths, earthquakes, eclipses, or typhoons. When Canton was wrecked by a typhoon, the havoc was attributed to the whisking of the tail of an angry dragon. During a solar eclipse, the people, supposing the darkness to be caused by a dragon having swallowed the sun, rush to the streets and with drums, gongs, horns, and whistles create a noise until the dragon, frightened, disgorges its prey. What cannot be explained otherwise is readily explained in terms of dragonry. If a train were described to a native in a part of China remote from railroads, he would suppose it to be a fiery dragon that sped across the country, carrying people inside of it and devouring those who obstructed it.

Assuming that dragons inhabit wind and water, the Chinese have created a geomantic system known as *feng-shui* (*feng*, wind; *shui*, water) which prohibits any changes in the topography of a locality that would disturb the dragons. The aversion of the Chinese to the digging of mines, the construction of railroads, the changing of watercourses, and the erection of tall buildings is traceable to their belief in *feng-shui*. The whole nation locates its graves and limits the height of its buildings in deference to its awe of dragons.

A Chinese may sue and recover damages for an act which, in the judgment of the court, has been proved to have unfavorably affected the *feng-shui*

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of his home or of his place of business. The intrusion in a village of a foreign smoke-stack or a church steeple is enough to depreciate the value of the adjacent real estate and even to cause families who can afford it to move. The belief of the Chinese in the inviolability of *feng-shui*, or wind and water spirits (represented by dragons) has persisted for countless generations and is a primary cause of their opposition to change.



There lived in Peking a Chinese physician esteemed by foreigners. He had studied in Europe and had a European degree. He prescribed European drugs. His patients were Europeans. He deprecated the goggles, whiskers, and magic affected by most native physicians. He was "westernized." He did not use dragon-teeth.

Dragon-teeth is a drug made from the fossilized bones of prehistoric animals. The bones, dug from caves and from deposits around extinct water-holes in the deserts of Mongolia, are packed on camels and transported into China proper, to be ground into powder and dispensed as medicine. The powder is advertised by an ideograph which, translated, means "dragon-teeth for sale." Credulous

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patients swallow the powdered bone raw, take it mixed with oil, or quaff it stirred in rice-wine, believing that the larger the dose the quicker the cure.

Now, it was supposed that the Chinese physician, educated in Europe, did not believe in dragons, that he was skeptical about "dragon-teeth" and looked upon its use as akin to superstition and outside the pale of science. It was supposed that he regarded the dragon, with iron claws and breath of fire, merely as a pretty myth, not any more to be believed in than European myths.

The realization that men in the twentieth century were swallowing the bones of animals long since dead, that animal tissue developed in prehistoric times was being fused into the flesh and brains of men now living, brought to mind an observation of Lafcadio Hearn:

Each particle of our flesh has lived before our birth through millions of transmigrations more wonderful than any poet has ever dared to dream of; and the life force that throbs in the heart of each one of us has throbbed for all time in the eternal metempsychosis of the universe. Each atom of our blood has doubtless circulated, before our very civilization commenced, through the veins of millions of living creatures.

Lounging in his comfortable study, about which there was nothing suggestive of Chinese other than a text or two of Confucius or Mencius hung on the

wall, and stimulated by frequent cups of jasmine-tea, I used to discuss with the doctor the custom of attributing medicinal virtue to fossilized bones, and our conjectures about the origin of it led us into realms of speculation.

Under what conditions, countless ages before man was born, lived the animals in Mongolia? Were refreshing pools and luxuriant tropical vegetation then scattered over what are now arid steppes? What caused the animals to die so that their bones were preserved under ten, twenty, or thirty feet of earth; the drift of dust-storms or collapse of caves? Who first beheld the bones stretched in skeleton outline on the ground? Who conceived the idea of conveying the bones into civilized China? . . .

We laughed over our unanswered questions, over the futile inconclusiveness of our speculations.

Not having seen the doctor for a long time I one day called and learned that he was ill in bed. He was reading a Chinese medical work; about him were texts from Confucius and Mencius that I had not observed before, and over his head on the wall hung a "spirit sword" (formed of copper cash bound together by red cords) which the natives in times of illness employ as amulets against unseen evils.

The doctor was attended by a native physician, a little man who wore goggles, thin gray whiskers, a pigtail, a blue coat and a wisteria-brocaded skirt.

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The visiting physician was mixing powder into a cup of rice wine.

"Preparing a dose of quinine?" I suggested.

"Not at all," he said. "The doctor is convinced that just as Europeans when ill require European medicines, so Chinese when ill require Chinese medicines. Perhaps you have never heard of dragon-teeth? It is an efficacious remedy."



Superstition affects all ranks of the Chinese, high and low, coolie and official. It was significant that, when the central provinces were inundated, the great Li Hung-chang prostrated himself before a water-snake to intercede with the god of floods to abate the ravages of the Yellow River. Li's faith in the ceremony typified the faith of his countrymen in their multitudinous superstitions. Han Wen-kung, respected by Chinese scholars as a "venerable philosopher," wrote, "There are some things which possess form but are devoid of sound, as jade and other stones; others have sound but are without form, as wind and thunder; others have both form and sound, as men and animals; and there is a class devoid both of form and of sound, namely, devils and spirits."

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A book entitled "New Collection of Tried Prescriptions," written one hundred and fifty years ago, is perused by the Chinese as a compendium of infallible wisdom. Its precepts are grounded in superstition. To banish hobgoblins and purge sleep of nightmares, "With the middle finger of the right hand write in the palm of the left hand the words, 'I am a devil,' and close the hand tightly while falling asleep." To prevent seasickness, "Write the word 'earth' on the palm of the hand before going aboard ship." To ascertain the condition of air in a well, "Drop a feather down the well; if the feather falls in circles the air is impure; if it falls straight down the air is pure." To keep a fire burning, "Put a walnut in the live coals." To extract an aching tooth, "Pound a head of garlic to a pulp and mix it thoroughly with one or two candareens' weight of white dragon-bones and apply to suffering part. In a few minutes the tooth will drop out of its own accord."

Another book describes all lands outside of China as inhabited by humans with strange anatomies—people with holes through their chests, who are carried on a pole thrust through the orifice; people who are feathered and possess wings tipped with claws which they use as hands; people who have ears whose lobes reach to the ground and who cannot walk unless they hold their ears in their hands; people whose members are exclusively female and who

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reproduce their kind by sleeping where the south wind blows upon them; people with short arms and elongated legs; people with elongated arms and short legs; people with three eyes; people with one eye in the middle of their foreheads; people with faces at the back of their heads; people with heads below their shoulders; people who walk backward; people who have the stature of pygmies but are as strong as giants; people who have the stature of giants but are as weak as pygmies.

A religion in the western sense, I think it no exaggeration to say, is unknown to the Chinese. Their character, habits, customs, and ethics were influenced largely by the teachings of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism; but Confucianism, an ethical system, deals only with temporal affairs and is not a religion; Buddhism as a religious structure, so far as China is concerned, is a ruin, as is evidenced by the unkept and dilapidated condition of Buddhist temples; and Taoism, once an interesting mysticism, has degenerated into jugglery and magic. Of these cults the Chinese retain only the utilitarian and economic precepts; they have discarded the rituals, the temples, the priesthood, the religious fervor, and have become, not irreligious, but unreligious. Mencius relegated religion to second place, rating in importance the people first, religion second and the emperor third; his precept has subtly affected opin-

ion for 2000 years. Ancestor-worship, called filial piety "gone mad," is not a religion. It merely propitiates parents, who survive in a spirit world, perpetuating after their death the deference shown them in life.² Their spiritual beliefs the Chinese derived from ethical teachings, which, though inspired by Buddhism and Taoism, have become independent of religion, like the secular precepts of Confucius. Faith in predestination, underlying whatever else Orientals believe in, probably accounts for their stoicism, for the equanimity with which even a condemned coolie bares his neck to the executioner.

Commonly seen in a home is a picture intended to explain predestination; a spider seizes and kills a fly; a bird swooping down, snatches and swallows the spider; a hunter shoots the bird and carries it away; a tiger attacks and kills the hunter; in dragging the hunter's body the tiger falls with it into a well and is drowned. The fly was predestined to be killed by the spider, the spider by the bird, the bird by the hunter, the hunter by the tiger and the tiger by the well. The fable is called, "Predestination is in all things."

² Stories are told children to stimulate their filial devotion—a son, finding his mother dying because she had read a novel with an unhappy ending, restores her to health by writing a sequel with a happy ending; another son permits mosquitoes to bite him lest they might go and bite his parents; a daughter, while carrying buckets of water, purposely slips and falls to make her father laugh.

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Of the varied kinds of charlatans that have sprung up in China since the beginning of time none seem to have become extinct. There are physiognomists, dream-interpreters, necromancers, geomancers, soothsayers, astrologers, exorcists, witches, rhabdomancers, belomancers, hydromancers, pyromancers and arithmancers. . . . The physiognomist carries a stool and, having induced a customer to sit on it, he, in return for a few copper cash, proceeds to rub his long yellow fingers over the customer's head. It is considered fortunate to have a round head, thin eyebrows, slanting eyes, long thick ears, the upper tips of which extend higher than the eyebrows; a large mouth if a male, a small mouth if a female; a protruding chin; high cheek bones; a thick neck; and a resonant voice; persons otherwise endowed are doomed to a short life, or, if they live, to misery and beggary. . . . The soothsayer, who usually is blind, carries a harp. Called into a dwelling to adjust a domestic difficulty, he twangs his harp and prescribes his panacea in a shrieking singsong. . . . The geomancer has a compass and a book called the "Burial Classic." Employed to locate a tomb with favorable geomantic conditions for a person who has just died, or who is not yet dead, he scrutinizes the ground, consults his compass and, having confirmed his deductions by reference to the rules in his book, hits upon a site, which is usually on a hillside with an extensive view. If the descend-

ants of a deceased person are too poor to employ a geomancer, the body may remain uninterred for months, or even years, until sufficient money is saved. . . . The astrologer concerns himself chiefly with the affairs of the living. By consulting the heavens he is able to furnish advice indispensable to the beginning of an enterprise—plowing a field, building the foundation for a dwelling, laying the keel of a ship, entering into a business partnership, signing a contract, starting on a journey. . . . Dream-interpretation owes its popularity to an emperor who died 3000 years ago. Moo-ting, twentieth sovereign of the Shang dynasty, dreamt that he met in heaven a man whom he could trust. He commanded artists to paint the portrait of the man he had seen in his dream and distributed the portraits over his empire with instructions that he be found. The man when found proved to be only a brick-layer, but he was trustworthy and Moo-ting appointed him minister of state. For 3000 years dreams have been considered significant. In a dream, to ride heavenward on a dragon is to be a prospective officeholder; to see the sun or moon setting presages the death of a parent; to die by lightning portends sudden wealth; to become fat is to face misfortune; to see a man standing under an umbrella indicates the disloyalty of supposed friends. . . . In certain districts there are witches, called *mi foo kow*, who are patronized by women. By

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rattling bones, sleeping under coffins and reciting incantations, they cause the deaths of cruel husbands or bewitch the dwellings of troublesome neighbors.

. . . Rhabdomancy is practiced in the interest of gamblers. Accosted by a customer who is about to set out on a gambling expedition, the rhabdomancer places a stick in an upright position and permits it to fall. The direction to which the top of the stick points is the way the customer should go to reach a gambling house where he will enjoy luck.

. . . In the Chinese "moon," there are days on which it is unlucky to do certain things. The natives never open their granaries on the day called Kap, because the grain would be spoiled by mildew or destroyed by insects; never sow or plant on the day called Yut, because poor crops would result; never dig a well on the day called Mow, because the water would turn bitter; never weave on the day called Kang, because the textile would fray; never marry on the day called Hoi, because it would result in separation; never consult a fortune-teller on the day called Tsze, because the future would reveal misfortune; never put on new clothes on the day called Chow, because it would precipitate a death in the family; never offer a sacrifice on the day called Yan, because the gods would not receive it; never take medicine on the day called Mee, because it would poison them; never erect a bedstead on the day called Shen, because spirits would occupy the

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bed; never start a lawsuit on the day called Lui because it would fail. . . . The arithmancer stands at a street-corner. His whiskers and his spectacles are evidences of his vast and invincible wisdom. Over his booth hangs a sign: "The past recalled, 8 cash. The future foretold, 8 cash." Having appraised a knowledge of the past and a knowledge of the future as being of precisely the same value, the sign explains that, by manipulating numbered sticks exposed for inspection, the arithmancer, for an insignificant fee, will ascertain a day upon which a customer may be married with positive assurance of a numerous male progeny.



Countless are the minor superstitions that affect the Chinese individually and that doubtless affect them collectively in the formation of their character and habits as a race; business, social and domestic affairs are managed with a deference to beliefs of which a westerner may not even know the existence.

Small gourds, images of unicorns, and tigers' claws are secreted under beds to discourage demons from choking the sleepers, and charms are hung over doorways to dissuade evil spirits from entering. A piece of raw ginger hanging outside a house advises the public that a baby has been born and a stranger

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must not enter lest he be accompanied by an evil spirit that would bewitch the baby. Old brass mirrors are suspended in homes to cure insane people. A cow's tooth picked up in a field is placed on a shelf to invite good luck. If money is found, the coins are replaced by rice-cakes, and spirit-money (paper counterfeits) is burned to pacify any demon that might be irritated by the removal of the treasure. A prescription prepared by a priest is burned and the ashes swallowed by the patient in the belief that the prescription will work directly on the ailment without the intermediary of an apothecary.

When a child is a month old its mother induces it to look down a well that it may develop courage and deep understanding. If it falls on the ground, spirit-money is burnt on the spot to buy off any demons that might seek to pull the child to destruction. The mother, fearing her child may have left its wits in the ground, hastily makes gestures as if lifting the wits back to their place.

Boys, as being the most precious of the human species, wear little locks, suspended from strings around their necks, to lock them to life. Noticing that the boy of our *amah* (maid) wore ear-rings and hair-ribbons, I asked his mother why she dressed him in that ridiculous fashion. "Makee he look ollo same girlo," she replied, implying that the gods, who covet boys in preference to girls, would suppose her boy to be a girl and permit him to re-

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main on earth. It is common to see little boys masqueraded as girls that they may escape the notice of coveting gods and live to help in the support of their families and in the worship of their ancestors. After the birth of a child the mother for a month avoids crossing the threshold of another person's room, because, if she crosses it, she, in her next life, will have to scrub the floor of that room.

If a bride, in partaking of her last meal in her parents' home, eats more than half of the dish of rice set before her, the home, after her departure, will be reduced to poverty. If, in stepping into the sedan-chair to journey to her husband's home, she loosens the strings of her shoe, it is ominous. If she marries within a hundred days of the funeral of a relative, her marriage is destined to be unsuccessful. She likewise will be unhappy if, while donning her wedding-garments, she fails to stand in a round shallow basket; the basket assures her a placid existence in her future home. After she leaves home, her mother places the basket over the mouth of the stove as a symbol that all mouths that would slander her daughter have been gagged.

For a girl to spill water on a fowl or a dog portends that there will be a downpour of rain on her wedding day, a calamity appreciated by the Chinese, who abhor rain. For a cat to wash its face indicates that a stranger is approaching the house. A fly in the porridge, a magpie chattering on the roof,

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chickens fighting, or a leaf in a cup of tea presages that a guest may be expected. Places in a barn or a house where a person has committed suicide are held in awe. If a body has been found hanging from a beam, the beam is cut down, and the portion of the floor where the body may have touched is removed. A girdle lying in a road is avoided lest a person may have been hung by it and the spirit of the person may haunt the new possessor of the girdle. An old man would not shave off his beard lest its loss might invoke disaster upon the family, another reason for retaining it being that when he began to grow it the family provided a feast to congratulate him upon his longevity, and to shave off his beard would be for him to disdain longevity.

The superstitions prevalent at Swatow, as described by Adele M. Fielde, in her charming book, "A Corner of Cathay," vary little from those prevalent elsewhere in China. "The priests are commonly employed in conflict with evil spirits," she says. "Hardly a domestic undertaking or public enterprise is carried on without their coadjutorship. For example, when a new dwelling house is finished, and the family goods have been transferred to it, the owner has a Taoist priest and his acolytes come to drive out the demons before the human occupants shall take up their abode in it. They come by night, bringing bells and gongs, and set up a fearful din of incantation in the new domicile. They put

oil into an iron pan, hang it by its ears on a trident, spurt alcohol upon it to increase the blaze, fume and smoke, and thrust it into all corners of the rooms. At the same time pitchforks and bayonets are driven through the air, and the priest loudly announces the name of the true owner of the premises and declares his authority to expel all invisible inmates. All parts of the building having been consecutively ransacked in this manner, and the doors successively shut, the demons are supposed to have been routed. The neighbors, meanwhile, keep out of the way and close their own doors and windows carefully, lest the ejected tenants should take up a habitation with them. When the demons have been chased outside the town, the family in the early morning moves into its new house."

A certain interior village suffered from a lack of rain. As the summer advanced, the drouth seared the crops and famine was threatened. The villagers prostrated themselves before the idol of the god charged with the regulation of rain. Prayers were daily and nightly offered. Still the sky was cloudless, and the sun scorched the land. At last the villagers in a mass-meeting decided that the public patience had been exhausted. By unanimous approval the prayers stopped, and the villagers, led by their head-man, dragged the idol of the rain god

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from the temple to a market-place and there exposed its unblinking eyes naked to the blazing sun. The next day, tradition says, it rained, and the idol was restored to its honored niche in the temple, a clipped nose and a broken ear reminding it of its recent delinquency.

When the Chien Gate in Peking was remodeled to accommodate an adjoining railroad-station, two stone lions, guarding the entrance, were solemnly blindfolded that they might not learn of their removal or feel humiliated by the rough handling of the coolie workmen. Set up elsewhere, the lions, restored to sight, presumably were unaware of their transition.³

Evil spirits journey only in straight lines. To stop them from crossing a bridge, the bridge is built crooked; to exclude them from a residence, a screen is placed inside the gateway, and a person in entering goes around the screen; a person, when pursued, walks rapidly ahead and then suddenly dodges around a corner, permitting the spirit to pass on. European captains of ships have to be on the alert, when in Chinese waters, lest they run down native boatmen who steer their sampans in front of steam-

³ Stone lions are often placed at the approaches to villages and at the entrances to the *yamens* of officials to intimidate robbers and to correct bad geomantic influences.

ers to cut off pursuit by devils. I observed that my rickshaw boy in Shanghai some mornings pulled me across the path of an approaching street-car and so near that I barely escaped being hit. When I asked him why he did this he explained that he was followed by devils and he ran in front of the car that the devils would be run over. A foreign factory near Shanghai built a tall smoke-stack. The smoke-stack overlooked the *yamen* (headquarters) of a native official. Visited by illness and other misfortune of which he hitherto had been free, the official consulted a geomancer to ascertain the cause. The geomancer inspected the premises and reported that the misfortunes undoubtedly were caused by devils who jumped into the *yamen* from the top of the smoke-stack. The official requested the removal of the smoke-stack. When his request was denied, he erected a high wall to prevent the devils from making the jump.

The natives often hang an empty bird-cage in a tree in the hope that a lost bird will return to it. A mother, whose boy had died, hung his clothes in a tower in the hope that her boy's spirit would return. She thought that his spirit was hovering about the tower and it might recognize the clothing and return home with her. Sometimes a Chinese stands on top of a house at night, swinging a lantern. He is lighting the way for a wandering spirit to return to its abode.

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A superstition that foreigners obtained photographic chemicals from the eyes of Chinese babies precipitated in Tientsin in 1870 the destruction, by a mob, of the French Catholic mission and the massacre of its inmates. Photography, a western innovation, mystified the natives. They believed that a person, in the process of having his photograph taken, necessarily yielded part of his soul, which was absorbed by the picture, and that if he sat before a camera long enough he would vanish altogether. They assumed that eyes entered into the making of photographic plates, because a person, in looking into the eyes of another, saw his own image reflected as in a photograph.

Convinced that the Sisters of Charity in the mission welcomed stray Chinese children and rescued the bodies of female infants from the river in order that the eyes of the children might be used for photographic purposes, a mob threatened the mission. To appease the mob, the mission invited an inspection of its premises, and a committee of five natives was appointed. The plan might have succeeded had not the French consul, an arrogant and irritable person, intervened. He indignantly ordered the committee to leave. The committee's precipitate return to the street without learning anything confirmed the mob's suspicions. The mission with its cathedral and orphanage was burned; twenty foreigners and their native assistants were

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massacred. The execution of the offenders and the payment of an indemnity were the concluding acts of a tragedy born of superstition.⁴

It was because they believed that the tracks disturbed the spirits of the earth and that the telegraph-wires wounded the spirits of the air that the natives tore up the first railroad built in China by foreigners, transported the wrecked equipment to the island of Formosa, and there dumped it on the beach to corrode. "The iron road and the fire carriages," said a contemporary complaint, "disturb the earth dragon and destroy the good influences of the soil. The red liquid which drips from the iron serpent [the rust from the telegraph-wires] is nothing less than the blood of the outraged spirits of the air. Ills beyond remedy overtake us when these crimson drops fall near us."

There are many among the unenlightened masses of China who explode fire-crackers to frighten away unseen devils; who believe that the earth is square, that the sun at night sinks into the earth's interior,

⁴ Dr. Herbert A. Giles, in "China and the Manchus," asserts that the Tientsin mob was infuriated by other superstitious beliefs; viz., that the towers of the Roman Catholic cathedral were built so high as to offend Chinese custom and that not only were the eyes of Chinese children used by foreigners in the manufacture of photographic chemicals but the hearts of Chinese children formed an ingredient of foreign medicines.

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that the Yellow River has its source in heaven and is a continuation of the Milky-Way, that fogs are the exhalations of demons, that rain is poured down by a dragon on the other side of the clouds, that a rainbow is formed by the breath of an enormous oyster, that people are struck by thunder rather than by lightning, and that eclipses are caused when dragons swallow the sun or moon. . . .

But in contemplating the superstitions of others it is well to remember our own—as, the superstition concerning walking under a ladder, or Friday the thirteenth, or knocking on wood after boasting.

軼事

IX

LITTLE TALES OF TRAGEDY AND HUMOR

§ 1

Foxes have a terrifying effect on the imagination of superstitious Orientals. A fox will enter a human's body—between the finger-nails and the skin—and, having made himself at home, will control the person's thoughts, actions, and even his voice, leading him into deviltries for which he feels he cannot be held responsible. To be inhabited by a fox—or the spirit of a fox—is to suffer from what is recognized as demoniacal possession.

It is not to be considered lightly, for, we are told, "the person possessed hears and understands everything that the fox inside him says or thinks; and the two often engage in violent dispute, the fox speaking in a voice altogether different from that natural to the individual"; and, scientifically, we have it explained that "whereas in healthy persons one-half of the brain alone is actively engaged—in right-handed persons the left half of the brain, and in left-handed persons the right—in nervously excitable persons,

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or in persons of weak mind, the disused half of the brain is often aroused into activity by fear, and the two halves now functioning—one, the normal self, and the other, the new pathologically affected self—are set one against the other, the result being that the activities of the 'new' brain are ascribed to the fox."

It seems incredible that demoniacal possession—fox-witchcraft—should affect seriously any people: yet in Oriental newspapers, along with accidents, social gossip, murders, political upheavals, revolutions, and foreign intelligence, are chronicled the doings of foxes.

I have said that demoniacal possession is recognized. As a malady liable to afflict any one who has inherited the fear of foxes, it has created a career for the professional exorciser. The exorciser, usually a priest, appears before a client who is inhabited by a fox and negotiates with the fox through the voice of the victim. The terms by which the fox agrees to vacate involve the sacrifice of money, or the bestowal of a present, not without advantage to the exorciser.

The fox has power to assume forms outside of a human being's body by which it terrifies a whole community. On the railroad between Pukow and Tientsin for a season there appeared every night at dusk a phantom train: its windows were ablaze with lights; its head-light projected a shaft of searching

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glare; and its smoke-stack belched sparks as at furious speed it plunged south-bound apparently head on into the north-bound Tientsin express.

The phantom, ever seeming to approach, but never colliding with the express-train, nightly terrorized passengers and crew with the menace of an awful death, until the engineer, at length driven to desperation, opened the throttle of his engine and drove the express forward at a speed *exceeding the receding speed of the approaching engine*. He went through the phantom and brought the express to a standstill. It was noticed at contact with the express the phantom became a mist.

The passengers and crew alighted and went back to investigate. They found on the track the mangled body of a little fox.

"This is the room," said the farmer, setting the lantern on the table. "And there is the crack in the wall."

We examined the bare room, held the lantern to the crack in the wall, and looked at the farmer. We recalled that many persons in the village, in relating his story, professed actually to have seen his wife and his little daughter before they deserted him—before they transformed themselves into foxes and vanished forever through the crack in the wall.

Yes, it was true, said the villagers. The farmer many, many years ago lived alone in the dismal

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house. At sunrise he went to the fields to work—to plow, sow, or reap the millet—and he returned only after sundown, to find his house as he had left it, unkept, uncheered by blazing fire or welcoming lantern. Living far from his nearest neighbors, he heard in the long nights no human voice—heard in the summer only the chirruping of crickets, and in the winter only the scratching of the branches of the trees across the tile roof.

It was so for years—until one night, returning from the field, he was surprised to discover that the house was comfortably cleaned, the floor swept, the fire burning, and his supper on the table. It was not for him to ask questions. Perhaps a traveler, resting, had paid for his rest by putting the house in order.

But the next night the fire burned even more cheerily, the supper was more abundant, and the brass and copper shone more brightly. And the next night and the next night and many nights thereafter the farmer was glad to reach home.

Yet he was troubled. Unable to endure the mystery of his unseen, unknown benefactor, he hid himself one morning behind a door. He had waited for an hour or more, when his attention was attracted to the crack in the wall. Out of the crack emerged cautiously a little red fox. Having looked about the room, the fox leaped from the crack, and turning a somersault in mid-air, landed on the

floor in the form of a beautiful girl. The fox's skin fell at her feet.

At once the girl began putting the house in order, sweeping the floors, washing the dishes, making the bed, lighting the fire, preparing the meal and cooking it. She worked industriously, going swiftly about her task, and even wiping the dust from the paper windows. Here and there, by her feminine touch, she made to look ornamental what had not looked ornamental at all. Her work done, she picked the fox's skin from the floor, turned a somersault, and, once more a fox, disappeared through the crack in the wall. As soon as she had gone, the farmer regretted that he had not revealed his presence, had not thanked her and bidden her tarry; but he was merely a country lout, and his brain worked slowly.

The next day again he hid behind the door, resolved to be bolder. As before, the fox appeared at the crack, leaped, turned a somersault, and, dropping its skin on the floor, became the beautiful girl. And as before, she busied herself at once with the household. The farmer waited until she had finished. Prepared to depart, she stood near the fox's skin and was about to turn a somersault toward the crack in the wall. At that instant the farmer stepped forth quickly and snatched the fox's skin from beneath her feet.

Trapped, the girl submitted. She confessed she

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was a fox-woman; having entered the farmer's house in his absence, and, believing him to be lonely, she had felt sorry for him. She asked permission that she be allowed to go as she had come, but the farmer, fascinated by her beauty, pleaded that he loved her. . . . And they were married. . . .

For years they lived together happily. In time a daughter was born. With pride the farmer contemplated his little beauty, who seemed a miniature of her mother. Her black hair hung in bangs cut straight across her broad forehead and in pigtails around the top of her head. Her black eyes sparkled merrily, and her cheeks were rosy. Her color the farmer compared to the color of the pink peach-blossoms, her presence to the sunshine, her voice to the singing of wild song-birds and the melody of the gurgling brooks, and her breath, as he felt it against his cheek, to the perfume of spring.

His wife, the farmer thought, must be an angel, for she wove silks which no mortal could weave, and his home was like paradise.

No trouble marred their bliss until the farmer one day found fault about some triviality and rashly accused his wife of having formerly been a fox. She defied him to prove it. Producing the fox's skin from its hiding-place, he angrily threw it at her feet. Before he could realize it, his wife grabbed their little daughter, leaped into the fox's skin,

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turned a somersault, and, again a fox, vanished through the crack in the wall.

Filled with remorse, the farmer waited. The hours lengthened into days, the days into months, and the months into years, but he never again saw his wife or daughter. The farmer worked and kept house alone; he heard in the summer only the crickets chirruping sadly and in the winter only the bare branches of the trees brushing across the tile roof.

"It is sad," said the farmer, when he lifted the lantern to light the way out, "it is sad to live alone, when one has the memory of a beautiful wife and a sweet little daughter."

Poor old man, we thought, to be plagued by delusions. For, we know, such a thing could never have happened.

The prevalence among intelligent Chinese of the superstition that foxes assume human form is noted by Chester Holcombe, who, in "The Real Chinaman," quotes a Chinese official: "A soldier of the British legation was preparing for bed one night a couple of years ago when he heard the cry of a fox in the legation grounds. He dressed again, took his rifle and, telling his wife that he was going to kill that fox, went out. Shortly after she heard the report of the rifle and fell asleep. When she awoke in the morning she was surprised not to find

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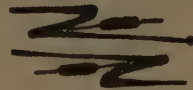
him in the room. A few moments later two of his comrades brought his body into the room. He had been found in a clump of laurel bushes, shot through the head. His rifle lay beside him, but the fox was nowhere to be seen. Now, what could be plainer than the facts of this case? The soldier was chasing the fox through those laurel bushes. He was gaining on him; the fox saw that he was likely to be caught, and so, in the flash of an eye, he changed himself into a man, snatched the rifle from the poor soldier and shot him through the head with his own weapon. Then he changed himself into a fox again and ran away. Why do you need argument in the face of such facts?" "Such facts," while unconvincing to an Occidental, are in the Oriental way of reasoning incontrovertible.

Ensnared in the meshes of love on beholding a beautiful girl, a young man became pensive and melancholy. Because he had met the girl under mysterious circumstances in a forest, he would not reveal his secret. His wan appearance attracted the attention of a Taoist priest, who suspected that the youthful lover was the victim of supernatural influence.

Desiring to learn the cause of the trouble, the priest secretly set about to observe. He followed one day to the youth's house, where he found the youth standing outdoors peering into a window.

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Creeping to another window, the priest beheld in the bedroom "a hideous devil, with a green face and teeth jagged like a saw, spreading a human skin on the bed and painting it with a paint brush." The devil then threw aside the brush, and, shaking out the skin as if it were a cloak, draped it over his shoulders, and, behold! the devil became the beautiful girl. The young man shrieked at the horror of it and fell in a swoon. The devil sprang forward and was about to rip open and tear out the heart of his victim, when the priest, who had power to exorcise demoniacal influences, quickly transformed the devil into a column of smoke. The priest then drew a gourd from the folds of his gown and, having uncorked it, tossed it into the smoke. There was a whistling sound; the smoke rushed into the gourd, and when it had disappeared entirely the priest recorked the gourd and walked away.



A foreigner who was convinced that China was becoming westernized entered a court-room in a village in the interior. The court-room, the foreigner was amazed to observe, was filled with butterflies. The butterflies emerged from a box set before the magistrate, fluttered in a dazzle of ani-

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mated colors about the room, and disappeared out of the windows, while magistrate, court officials, prisoners, and spectators looked on with quiet solemnity.

The visitor, upon inquiry, learned that the magistrate was a nature-lover; that, in the case of minor offenses, he fined the prisoners, instead of *taels* or Chinese dollars, an equal number of butterflies; that relatives or friends, when sentence was pronounced, hastened to procure the butterflies, which had to be produced before the court uninjured and able to fly; that, when the butterflies were released, counted, and had winged themselves out of the windows, the prisoner was dismissed; and that liberated prisoner and liberated butterflies often met just outside the court-room, each homeward bound, the butterflies to sunshine and flowers, and the prisoner to freedom.

When questioned how the capture and liberation of the butterflies satisfied justice, the magistrate—a fat, jolly man, who swatted flies with his pigtail, and who invariably slept when a prisoner's innocence was pleaded, as if convinced that nobody was ever innocent—said:

“The beauties of nature should be an antidote to crime. He who obtains his liberty through the intercession of the beautiful butterflies, and then commits another crime, must be incorrigible. I never have mercy on a second offender.”

The foreigner who was convinced that China was

becoming westernized left the court-room, wondering how the butterfly code could be reconciled with western jurisprudence.



Fate was ruthless with Emperor Shih Hwang-ti, who in the third century B. C. founded the Chin Dynasty, which probably gave to China the name by which foreigners know it. His was a career of thwarted ambitions.

Convinced that the literati hindered progress and that the classics enslaved the minds of his people, he said, "I will exterminate the literati and destroy the classics, that learning may begin afresh with me"; accordingly, he decapitated as many of the literati as he could capture and burnt all the available books.

Fearing that the Tartar hordes would invade China from Mongolia, he said, "I will inclose China in an unscalable wall, that my dynasty, unmolested by the Tartars, may endure forever"; accordingly, he began building the Great Wall of China.

Yearning for longevity, he said, "I will command my savants to find for me the elixir of life, that my power may continue undiminished in old age"; accordingly, he sent his savants into remote parts to seek an elixir of life.

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Unable to sleep, because, he believed, demons entered his bedchamber, he said, "I will have so many bedchambers that, sleeping in a different room every night, the demons will never find me"; accordingly, he built himself a palace as full of bedchambers as a honeycomb is of cells.

But his plans were frustrated. Some of the literati who had escaped won new converts; copies of the classics had been hidden, and were multiplied and circulated in secret; the Tartars climbed over the Great Wall and invaded China; the savants sent to discover an elixir of life perished of fever; and the demons overtook Shih at last, for he was found dead in one of his bedchambers. His dynasty was the shortest in all Chinese history.



Every bell in China suggests a woman's voice.

The world's masterpiece in bronze is a bell that hangs in an obscure temple called Ta Chung-ssu, outside of Peking. It is larger than the bell at Mandalay, more magnificent than the bell at Moscow, more melodious than the bell at Kioto. It is like an inverted chalice, fourteen feet high, thirty-four feet in circumference at the rim, and nine inches thick at the lip. It weighs fifty-two tons. It is

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engraved inside and out with eighty-four thousand characters, each one half of an inch square and each as clear as a die. It was cast five hundred years ago by order of Emperor Yung Lo.

The casting was beset with difficulty.

The pouring of the liquid metal into the mold resulted five times in failure; the casting was imperfect or the tone was false. Yung Lo, employing the weapon of all impatient tyrants, gave the bell-maker a final chance, warning him that if it resulted in failure death would be his punishment.

A beautiful daughter of the bell-maker, hearing of her father's impending doom, visited a shrine and besought the aid of the gods. She was told that the bell would never ring until a living human was sacrificed in the molten metal and incorporated in the casting.

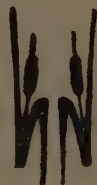
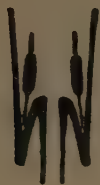
Resolved to save her father, the girl awaited an opportunity and, when the hot metal was being poured, leaped into the mold. She was consumed instantly.

When the bell was dug out, its shape was perfect; its mellow tone delighted Yung Lo. But those who heard it discerned a sadness as of a woman's voice, a haunting wail of womankind which has sounded through the ages.

But, then, the same story is told of every other bell in China, and few writers, not excepting Laf-

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radio Hearn, have resisted the temptation to retell it.



When China was divided into feudal states, there reigned over a group of provinces a king who lived in splendor. His palace was magnificent; his table was laden with dishes of gold and jade; his floors were spread with silken rugs as thick as turf; his wants were gratified by a thousand servants; and his subjects were prosperous and happy. Yet he was sad. Though musicians, beautiful dancers, and story-tellers endeavored to divert him with soothing melodies, lovely spectacles, and mirthful tales, he was sad. And the cause of his sadness was that he had dreams. Every night he dreamt that he was a coolie and that he had to work as a slave; and every morning he awoke exhausted from the labor he had performed in his sleep. When his courtiers greeted him at dawn, he would say, "I have had more dreadful dreams! Last night I dreamt I was required to chop two cords of wood, clean the stables, and plow in the fields. My back aches from chopping the wood, hauling the dirt from the stables, and turning the earth in the fields. Two nights

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ago I drew water from the ditch to irrigate my master's fields, and when I had finished I had to irrigate the fields of a neighbor. Three nights ago I scrubbed all the floors in my master's palace and was only cuffed and kicked for my labor. What a dreadful thing it is to be a king and yet to dream that one is a coolie." . . .

Every night the king longed for morning that he might escape his dreams. . . .

He steadily grew weaker and paler, and finally died, the victim, the court physicians averred, of overwork, though he was never seen to work in all his life.

Some time later the courtiers of the late king heard of a remarkable coolie who lived in a distant village. The reports said that the coolie, who worked as a slave in the daytime, dreamt nightly that he was a king and that he related amazing details of his life at court. Resolved to investigate, the courtiers journeyed to the village and interrogated the coolie. In appearance he was the most abject of coolies: his clothes were rags; his food was the refuse from his master's table; his bed was the bare ground under the eaves of the stable; and his duties were to plow the fields, chop wood, draw water, and clean the stables. At night he was exhausted. "But," he said cheerily, "I have delightful dreams. In my dreams I am a king. Last night

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I dreamt I gave a wonderful feast of rich viands and precious wines. When I awoke I felt refreshed from partaking of them. As I sat on my throne there appeared before me multitudes of dancers in draperies of exquisite silk, while skilful musicians played upon their harps, fiddles, and flutes. Two nights ago, in a great room of red lacquer and gilt dragons, I received princes and nobles from distant kingdoms. The visitors kowtowed at my feet and brought presents of dazzling gold and sparkling jade. The sight was so imposing that I have ever since been made happy by the memory of it. Three nights ago I fell in love with a princess, the daughter of a mighty king; and in my dreams she now sits beside me on my throne, where we talk of love and inhale the fragrance of the flowers that embower us." . . .

Every morning the coolie longed for the night, that he could begin his dreaming. . . .

Now it seemed to the courtiers that there was an uncanny kinship between their late king's dreams and the coolie's dreams. They were puzzled whether to believe that the late king was really a coolie and only seemed to be a king, or that the coolie was really a king and only seemed to be a coolie. The coolie's circumstantial account of his life at court finally overcame their doubts, and they decided to invite him to occupy the throne of the

late monarch. With appropriate pomp, the coolie was installed in the palace, where he readily adapted himself to royal customs.

Delighted with his sudden exaltation, the new king at first participated in the various festivities of his court; but soon it appeared that ease and luxury were beginning to weigh upon him; he grew restless and moody; he neglected his throne; he shunned those who would divert him; at length he secluded himself in his private apartment, where, like his predecessor, he abandoned himself to melancholy.

One morning when his courtiers repaired to his bedchamber with food temptingly served on plates of gold and jade they found him dying. He said:

"Life is what you dream it. A coolie, I dreamt I was a king, and was happy; a king, I dreamt I was a coolie, and was miserable."



A flea lit on the nose of Buddha. Noticing Buddha's perpetual smile, the flea said: "What have you done, Buddha, that you should smile so knowingly? You have been sitting here for ages and have done nothing. You could not move from

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here if you tried. It would be more fitting if I smiled, for I can hop all over the universe."

"How far can you hop?" asked Buddha.

"I can go to the outermost edge of infinity in one hop, and in another hop I can be back, all in the twinkling of an eye," answered the flea.

"If you can do that, I will resign my place to you, and you may sit here to smile through the ages," said Buddha. "But, mind, when you reach the outermost edge of infinity, observe what is to be seen, for I know what is there."

The flea hopped into space, and, in a moment, was back on Buddha's nose. "There!" said the flea, "I have accomplished it. I have been to the outermost edge of infinity."

"What did you see there?"

"I saw five pillars upholding the universe. I lit on the middle pillar, and I noticed that there were two pillars each to the right and left of me. Now resign your place and let me sit there to smile through the ages."

"You deceived yourself," said Buddha. "Instead of hopping to the outermost edge of infinity, you got only so far as my hand. Those five pillars were my five fingers. You lit on my middle finger, and there were two fingers each to the right and left of you."

The agitation of the flea caused Buddha to

sneeze, and the breath of Buddha blew the flea to atoms.

§ 2

Nothing so excites the mirth of a Chinese as a story wherein the persons talk and act in a manner reverse to the natural order of talking and acting. In a popular novel, "Ching Hau Yuan," a shoemaker and a customer argue violently, because the shoemaker desires to charge a low price for his best shoes while the customer desires to pay a high price for the worst ones.

"I will not buy these excellent shoes at the absurdly low price you ask," protests the customer. "Double the price and I will take them."

"I am already embarrassed at the high price I have asked," insists the shoemaker. "My shoes are of poor quality, and my prices are exorbitant. I beg you not to offer so much."

"For you to ask low prices for high-class shoes is poor business," continues the customer. "If every one reduced their prices trade would collapse."

"Let us fix the price at one half of what you offer," says the shoemaker impatiently. "I feel even then I would be charging too much. My shoes are inferior. If you examine them you will notice that they are crude and of cheap materials."

"What are you saying?" the customer expostulates, angrily. "Can't I recognize superior shoes

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when I see them? For you to accept less than they are worth is simply throwing money away. You can't fool me!"

While the wrangling continues, the customer begins to pick out the poorest shoes he can find.

"Excuse me, sir," says the shoemaker. "You are selecting the damaged shoes."

"Since you will accept only one half of what I want to pay, I will take only the worst, which is not easy, for your shoes appear uniformly excellent. I would much prefer the inferior grade if I could find them."

The argument ends only after the money has been paid, the shoemaker grumbling that the customer is a downright cheat. The customer, thinking himself worsted for not having been permitted to pay more, is about to depart when the shoemaker calls after him.

"Excuse me, sir," says the shoemaker. "You have paid me in a silver finer than the silver I am accustomed to receive. I must allow you a considerable discount."

"Don't mention such a small matter," says the customer. "Put the amount to my credit for use at a future time when I come to buy more of your superior shoes."

"Not at all!" snaps the shoemaker. "That trick was played on me by a customer last year. He paid me too much, and, though I searched for him,

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I could not find him. I can look forward to paying him only in the next world. Now if I also owe you, I will not be free of debt until the life after the next, and who knows but that I may be reincarnated as a donkey or as a pig in punishment for my stubbornness and selfishness in this life? How could I ever forgive myself for owing you the money?"

They dispute until they reach a compromise by which the shoemaker refunds a part of the silver, when the customer, with his purchase, leaves the shop.

And, relates the novel, as the customer disappears down the street, the shoemaker shakes his fist after him and yells: "I have sold you inferior shoes at an exorbitant price! I have virtually robbed you of your money!"



Tired of hearing his wife call him a fool, a man resolved to visit a near-by village, where, he was told, a magician was teaching the public to be wise. He confided his predicament to the magician. "I can, in one lesson," said the magician, "teach you a trick that will cause your wife to admit that you are growing wiser." Eagerly paying a large fee,

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which happened to be all he had, the man applied himself to learn. He was instructed to close his eyes, bow his head low, and utter a certain mystical mumbo-jumbo; and, he was assured, if he ran with all his might against a stone wall he would go right through the wall. Delighted with the prospect, the man hastened home and summoned his wife, prepared to impress her. Shutting his eyes, bowing his head low, and muttering the mumbo-jumbo, he ran with all his might against a thick wall, striking his head against it. Instantly he was stretched unconscious on the ground. When he recovered, he gazed meekly into the face of his wife. "Wife," he said, "you were right. I always was a fool."

"That," said his wife, "is the first sensible thing I have ever heard you say. You are growing wiser." . . .

Chinese literature shows that Orientals and Occidentals, however they differ otherwise, are not greatly dissimilar in their sense of humor. . . .

A Chinese, notorious for his stinginess, went to an artist to have his portrait painted. The artist required him to pay in advance. After posing for an hour the man was surprised to find that only the back of his head had been painted.

"Why did you paint only the back of my head?" he asked.

"I thought a man who is as stingy as you would not like to show his face." . . .

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Sitting in jail with a cangue ¹ around his neck, and with his hands and feet bound, a prisoner was asked what he had done to deserve punishment so severe. "Nothing," he said. "Walking along the road, I just picked up the end of an old rope."

"And they punish you like this for a thing so trivial?"

"Well," admitted the prisoner, "there was a cow at the other end of the rope." . . .

The saying that the Chinese "pay the doctor to keep them well," by refusing to pay him while they are sick, is a fiction. Yet the doctor whose prognostications fail is liable to receive rough treatment. A Soochow doctor, threatened with violence because his patient died, escaped only by jumping into a canal and swimming to his home on the opposite shore. Observing that his son, a medical student, was engrossed in study, he said, "If you wish to be a successful doctor, you must learn to swim!" . . .

While the Chinese men are revered increasingly as they advance in years, the ages of women in China, as elsewhere, are the subject of jest. A groom said to his bride: "In the marriage record your age was given as twenty-seven. I know you are older than twenty-seven. How old are you?"

¹ The cangue, *kia*, is a heavy wooden collar or yoke. It is put on the necks of petty offenders. Publicly exposed in a cangue, on which his name, address and crime are recorded, the offender is considered sufficiently punished by the humiliation of being seen by his friends in a state of ludicrous helplessness.

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She replied, "I am only thirty-three."

Pondering a while as if satisfied with her answer, the groom said presently: "Well, I guess I'll go to the barn and cover up the salt. Otherwise the cats will eat it."

"Cats eat salt?" questioned the bride incredulously. "That's the first time in my forty-seven years that I have ever heard of cats eating salt." . . .

Hearing the footsteps of her father, who had forbidden her to see a certain young man, a girl hid the young man in a half-emptied rice-sack. The father, noticing the odd shape of the sack; asked, "What's in that sack?" The girl was too frightened to answer. "What's in that sack?" demanded the father.

Still the girl was silent, but a weak voice within the sack piped, "Only rice!" . . .

A Chinese story, intended to discourage excessive drinking, concerns a man who, on retiring, placed a jug of wine beside his bed to quench his thirst in the night. Awaking thirsty, he reached for the jug. His hand was grasped by a demon that pulled him out of bed, through the floor, and six feet underground, where he was buried alive. When his relatives dug up his body they found the jug beside it, empty. It was long a controversy whether the demon or the man drank the wine. . . .

A traveler, wishing to test the ingenuity of the

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Chinese, who are reputed to be able to do anything they are paid to do, arrived at an inn, and, throwing down a copper, said to the innkeeper, "For this copper, I want food, drink, and entertainment."

The innkeeper disappeared and presently returned with a slice of watermelon. Placing the watermelon before the traveler, he said: "You asked for food, drink, and entertainment. Here it is. You eat the pulp, drink the juice, and play with the seeds." ³

³ Dr. Giles has translated and published in his "History of Chinese Literature" portions of the Chinese classics which, I think, show that the Chinese for centuries appreciated humor not unlike modern humor.

X

RICKSHAW BOYS

車夫

THERE was in Peking an old rickshaw boy who resembled Socrates. He had a habit of muttering. As he trotted down the street between the shafts of his rickshaw he muttered unceasingly, as if he were expounding wisdom, or pondering some of life's inscrutabilities. A little gray pigtail dangled from the back of his head; his face was seamed with thoughtful wrinkles; his eyes were red and watery; his skin was withered and seared by the sting of sun and dust; his remaining teeth protruded like yellow fangs; he was bent, bow-legged, and barefooted; his thin shanks were scarcely covered by the rags of his trousers.

Never was he seen but that he was muttering. Running breathlessly with his rickshaw behind him, or sitting on the ground as he rested, he muttered. What was he muttering about? Some said he was just "loco," or loose in the head; others said he was repeating the sayings of Confucius, aye, that he was Confucius himself, reincarnated. I, a westerner, likened him to Socrates. It was a job Socrates would have enjoyed—pulling foreign devils around

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in a rickshaw and muttering inexplicable witticisms; an irregular, tatterdemalion, philosophical, to-hell-with-everybody sort of a job suitable to Socrates.

One evening, the old boy lay down and pointed his toes toward the stars. He was found in a field near the Grand Hôtel de Pékin. His dilapidated red rickshaw was pulled up beside him. So far as any one knew, he had gone to pull a rickshaw over the stellar highways—to trot along the Milky Way and mutter his secret to the angels.

Now, the riddle of it was this: How was it that he, an old man, was pulling a rickshaw, when the limit of a rickshaw boy's life was about five years, never more than six or seven? How had he survived when the strain of running, and of exposure to heat and cold, cuts short the life of an ordinary rickshaw boy long before he grows old? Perhaps it was that the old boy's mutterings were a charm that kept his heart going, or perhaps it was that he began in old age to pull a rickshaw—decided to finish his life at a brisk gallop.

Outside my hotel window in Peking, I observe forty or fifty rickshaw boys. In the evening they chat gaily, as if hauling foreigners afforded them experiences to laugh at. In the day, when they are not running, they busily dust off their rickshaws, polish the metal trimmings, shake out the little mats upon which passengers rest their feet, or trim the wicks of their paper lanterns. They appear to be

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always busy and merry. Yet there lurks in their minds the positive knowledge that their life is to be brief.

Only in Japan have rickshaw boys ever become heroes. In 1891, the czarévitch, while visiting Japan, was attacked by a Japanese fanatic, who was said to have been angered by the attitude of the czarévitch's companions toward an image of Buddha. Two boys—Mukobata and Kitaga—happening to be near, stepped quickly from the shafts of their rickshaws and warded off a blow that might have ended the career of the future ruler of Russia. The Japanese and Russian governments heaped honors and riches upon Mukobata and Kitaga. They were instantly made famous. The sudden prosperity had varying effects upon them. One became a "gentleman"; the other "went to the dogs."

Unlike the palanquin and sedan-chair, which have been in use in the Orient for ages, the rickshaw is recent. It is an anomaly in that it is indigenous to the Far East but was invented by a European. Sixty years ago, a missionary in Japan, who was also a shoe-cobbler, was afflicted with rheumatism. His legs failing him, he searched for a substitute and found in a store-room a perambulator that had been outgrown by its owner. It was not difficult for a cobbler to amplify the seat of the perambulator, and the invalid, indifferent to the suggestion that he had attained a second childhood, soon appeared on the

streets pushed by a coolie. The invention is also attributed to a missionary named Goble, who in 1869 at Kanagawa, near Yokohama, used a perambulator to transport his invalid wife. The clever Japanese were not slow to adopt the new wheeled vehicle as being more conducive to swiftness than either the palanquin or sedan-chair, which was carried swung from poles borne by coolies. The Japanese modified and patented the invention in 1870. They called it a *kuruma*. In China, where it was further improved, it was called a jinrikisha (*jin*, man; *riki*, power; *sha*, vehicle), or "man-power-vehicle."

Gradually there was evolved a two-wheeled rickshaw, with upholstered seats, springs under the body, rubber tires, and a collapsible hood for protection from sun and rain. Its popularity increased alike among natives and foreigners until half a million human beings in the Far East were impressed into the service of pulling other human beings. It seems to have become a permanent detail in the Far East landscape. No view in the vast region that stretches from Japan to India appears complete without a rickshaw—posed on a hilltop near a pagoda, halted in a country lane, or speeding in the crowded streets of a city.

Travel by rickshaw is cheaper than travel by other conveyances. It is cheaper than travel by automobile, because in the Orient human energy is

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cheaper than gasoline. The earnings of a rickshaw boy for a busy day are from ten to twenty cents. He buys his rickshaw, which costs about forty dollars, or pays rent for one; and out of the remainder of his income he supports a family, if he has a family, or, if he has migrated from the country, he sends money to his parents and economizes by sleeping in the streets and eating at the stands of itinerant food-venders. My own rickshaw boy, Han Foo, had a wife and three children. I have seen patches in his clothes, but I never saw him otherwise than neat. Soon after the arrival of a new baby, I told him jokingly if he could spare it to give it to me. He replied that he would, willingly. I noticed that thereafter he sometimes had a worried look. Long after I had forgotten the incident, he revealed that he had taken the request seriously. He turned to me one day and gravely explained that the baby was still dependent upon its mother and that, as I might have to wait several years for it, I had better abandon the idea of expecting it. I suspected that Han Foo's growing interest in the baby had something to do with his desire to retain it.

My first sight of a rickshaw was in Yokohama; my last was in Rangoon. Between them were the rickshaws of China—in Peking, rattling over the flagstone pavements of the Imperial City; in Hangchow, at night hurrying through the bamboo groves in the pale light of their paper lanterns; in Canton,

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wending through the crowds in labyrinthine streets; along the Yangtze-kiang, jangling through populous cities seldom heard of; in Shanghai, waiting on the wharves for the privilege of carrying new arrivals from the western world. Countless are the rickshaw boys of China; multitudinous the patterings of their bare feet; endless the weary miles of their journeyings.

None yet has written the epic of the humble coolie.

XI

FANS

雅
扇

AN old dictionary description of a fan as "an instrument used by ladies to move the air and cool themselves" would not apply to Chinese fans, for in China fans are used as commonly by men as by women, and their use is not confined to moving the air to induce coolness. A fan is employed by a Chinese, not only to waft a breeze into his face, but also to shade his eyes when he is gazing into the distance, to protect his head from the sun, to scratch his back, to cool a chair before he sits in it, to hide his face from a person whom he does not wish to recognize, to wear as an ornament in the back of his neck, in his boots, or in his wide sleeve, to toss when he is nervous, as a westerner tosses a cane or a watch-chain, and, in the case of decorative fans, to display a favorite poem, a landscape, or a specimen of calligraphy. It is banged on a table by an orator to add emphasis to his speech, flipped by a school-master over the ears of a disobedient pupil, and in social assemblages opened and closed with a loud snap to give zest to conversation.

A street in Peking, viewed from the top of the

city wall on a summer day, reveals a universal fluttering of fans. Manchus, riding in their palanquins, shift their fans to prevent the dust from dashing into their eyes, to swat pursuing flies, to shelter their delicate necks from the sun, or to screen their painted faces from inquisitive gazers. A coolie, carrying a great load on his head, with one hand balances the load and with the other vigorously fans himself. A policeman on the corner fans himself while regulating the traffic. A soldier, drilling, pauses as he shoulders arms to pull a fan from the bosom of his uniform. A rickshaw runner, after a perspiring journey, reaches for his fan and begins to fan himself all over; for the Chinese fan their arms, legs, stomachs and backs as well as their faces, and the spectacle of one giving himself a thorough fanning is like that of a person indulging in a gymnastic exercise.

Peculiar esthetic and romantic notions about the color, shape, and number of ribs of a fan preclude the Chinese themselves from using fans which they manufacture for foreigners, whose tastes are of course not similarly limited. It would be abhorrent to the Chinese to use a fan with a frame of black lacquer, because black to them is suggestive of moral impurity, and they make black frames only as a concession to the depravity of foreign devils. Red lacquered frames likewise would be offensive, because red is an emblem of joy, and to flout one's joy

Fans

in the face of friends who might be mourning for their ancestors would be unethical.

Gorgeous or showy fans, such as western women wear to an opera, are unknown in China. Canton, Hangchow, Swatow, Amoy, Nanking, and Peking each produces fans slightly local in style, but they all conform to tradition. The Chinese fan is a folding fan, because, being always in demand, it must be adaptable to stowing away in one's clothing. It has generally sixteen but sometimes thirty-two ribs, in order that a given number of lines of poetry may be written in its folds. Its frame is usually of uncolored bamboo, sandalwood, or ivory. The fabric stretched over the frame is either oiled paper or silk. The oiled-paper fans of Hangchow, it is said, may be plunged into water without damage. A simple background of silver, gilt, or white on one side of the fan is decorated with a spray of bamboo, a swarm of butterflies, a sketchy landscape, or a flock of birds in flight, while the other side is left blank for a poem to be indited by the owner. Decorative fans, covered with blue kingfisher-feathers or iridescent beetle-wings, have frames of tortoise-shell or ivory, from which dangle on silken cords pendants of amber, jade, or carnelian.

There are freak fans—those which conceal daggers, those which, made of iron, are used in crowds to discourage rowdies, and those on whose surfaces maps are spread for the convenience of travelers.

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When the late Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi sent a prince to Berlin to apologize for the murder during the Boxer uprising of the German minister, she presented the prince with a fan with a map of Europe on it and admonished him to consult the fan if he ever got lost.

Chinese literature abounds in references to fans. They are there called phenix tails or jays' wings; the allusion to wings probably resulted from the use of birds' wings as the first fans.

Two thousand years ago, a princess, Pan Tsieh Yu, a favorite of the Emperor Cheng-ti of the Han Dynasty, realizing that she was growing old and her place in the seraglio was to be occupied by a younger favorite, wrote a poem in which she compared herself to a fan that had been fondled in summer only to be abandoned in autumn:

Of fresh new silk, all snowy white,
And round as harvest moon,
A pledge of purity and love,
A small but welcome boon—

While summer lasts, borne in the hand,
Or folded on the breast,
'T will gently sooth thy burning brow,
And charm thee to thy rest.

But ah! when autumn frosts descend,
And autumn winds blow cold,

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Fans

No longer sought, no longer loved,
'T will lie in dust and mold.

This silken fan, then, deign accept,
Sad emblem of my lot,
Caressed and cherished for an hour,
Then speedily forgot.

Ever since Pan Tsieh Yu wrote her poem, a deserted woman in China has been known as an autumn fan.

XII

JADE

玉
器

FOR ornamental purposes jade is of all minerals prized most by the Chinese; and, for reasons unknown to me, it is prized in every city and village where there is a thoroughfare of vanities called Main Street. I say "for reasons unknown to me" not because it appears to me, a man, no prettier than green glass, but because of the value placed upon it and its extraordinary vogue.

Canton is the paradise of the Chinese woman. She is there more independent of man than elsewhere because she can earn a living for herself and her family by operating a sampan, or junk, on the Pearl River and its tributary canals, and her income gives her an economic advantage. Provided with funds, she devotes her surplus wealth to personal adornments, suggesting how the world, if women had all the money, would increase its feminine charms.

Except for Peking, there are in Canton more women who wear jade than anywhere else. The jade glitters from humble places. It encircles the two brawny arms of her who propels your sampan up or down the river; it hangs in blobs of cool green

Jade

from the dark ears beneath her conical straw hat; it girds the plump fingers of the hand held out to receive your fare; and it nestles in delicate arabesques in the black hair of her who carries your baggage. It provides neck-ornaments, girdles, buckles. Its possession betokens prosperity; its display signifies good taste.

The Chinese have a sentiment about jade that is peculiar to them. They regard it as emblematical of all the virtues. It is complimentary to say, "You have a jade hand," or "Your face is of jade," or "Your mind is of pure jade." To say that a person's head is a lump of solid jade would be the very hyperbole of compliment, as implying not only physical beauty but intellectual purity as well.

Jade Street in Peking is a crowded *hutung*, or lane, in the Chinese quarter. It is flanked by little shops. The workers, squatted before their benches, may be seen through the windows, plying the rough fragments of matrix, chiseling, boring, scraping, rubbing, blowing off an impalpable dust which gradually releases from the rock's brittle confines a finished gem as delicate as if it had been modeled out of plastic clay and as smooth as polished wax. . . .

The most elaborate jade creation not intended for personal adornment is the jade tree; about a foot high, its trunk, branches, and minute and graceful leaves are carved out of jade. It appeals especially

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to the Chinese because of a legend of a tree in the moon. There is a popular story of a criminal who was condemned to chop down a cassia-tree that grew on the moon. The criminal soon found that the tree was indestructible, for at each hack of his ax the bark healed immediately. The criminal has been chopping the tree ever since, and on nights when the moon is full Chinese children profess they can see the shadow of the tree and even the glistening of its leaves that tremble when the ax strikes the trunk. It is a poetic fancy that the luster of the jade is reflected moonlight. . . .

From these dusty shops emerge the bulk of the world's wealth in jade—rings, bracelets, hair-pins, beads, pendants, and seals, images of dogs, dragons, demons, gods, and lions, miniatures of persons, temples, trees, and landscapes. The patience of an Oriental lapidary is infinite, his toil is endless, his reward is meager, and, generally, he labors to satisfy the vanities of those who are rewarded better, who toil less and who are less patient than he. The stream of jade that flows from Jade Street is like a brook that spreads to regions remote, to splash and sparkle for those who may be ignorant of its source.

Entering a Jade Street shop, the jade-seeker begins to bargain in the Oriental way, which is to offer about one tenth of what the dealer asks and then to bid up while the dealer bids down. It is a pleasant negotiation, for dealer and buyer sit with a pot of

Jade

tea between them until a compromise, about one half of the original price, is reached, and the buyer departs with his treasure inclosed in a little box of fantastic design. It always seemed to me that the box was as much to be desired as the jade, for jade and box combined resting in the palm of your hand are irresistibly pretty. The box is covered with soft brocade, its lid fastened down by a tiny ivory catch; inside reposes the jade, apple-green jade in fleecy pink cotton, white or pinkish-gray jade in blue cotton—a dash of color, barbaric but pleasing.

Jade is mined chiefly in the Kuen-lun Mountains, in Chinese Turkestan. The product of other lands is regarded as inferior, specimens from Australia, South America, and Alaska having been rejected by the Chinese as unworthy of their skill. It appears that as an ornament jade was used before diamonds, for articles made of it have been found among the relics of ancient people, including the prehistoric Swiss lake-dwellers, who are thought to have imported it from Asia. The skill of the Chinese in working it was developed probably before the beginning of recorded history. Old pieces sometimes offered by Manchu families who are in reduced circumstances are acquired by collectors. Doubtless, the lure of old jade is enhanced by its antiquity, by its mysterious origin, by its ghostly contact with hands that fondled it through successive generations. Yet it has its intrinsic fascinations; there are

in its green depths curious lights and shadows, sunshines and clouds—perhaps the imprisoned reflections of the sky scenery that passed over the Kuen-lun Mountains ages before the apparition of man.

The value of jade is largely speculative. A European collector once purchased an archer's ring, a thick band about an inch wide, worn in the days of archery on the thumb to protect it when the arrow, resting on the ring, was released. Although archery is little practised now, the custom of wearing thumb-rings prevails.

The head of a Chinese family, which had found it necessary to dispose of the ring, an heirloom, fixed upon one hundred dollars as a probable value, but while waiting in the collector's office he decided to ask three hundred as a basis for bargaining.

"Will you give me three hundred dollars for this ring?" he asked.

The collector examined the ring under a magnifying-glass. "Yes," he said, "I will give you three hundred dollars for it."

The Chinese hesitated, thinking perhaps after all he had under-priced his heirloom. "I will think it over and let you know to-morrow," he said.

"I will not buy it to-morrow," said the collector. "But if you will sell it now, here is your money."

The Chinese, pressed for funds, could not resist.

The next day the ring was valued on the market at several thousand dollars.

XIII

NAMES OF CHINA

命名

NAMES which foreigners use to designate China and Chinese things are unknown to the Chinese. No Chinese would understand that his own country was referred to if "China" were mentioned nor what people were indicated by the word "Chinese." China has had many names; its present one is Chung Hua Min-kuo, which means Republic of China, or, literally, Middle Flowery People's Country. A Chinese is a Chung Hua-ren, or Middle-Country man. The name of the capital of China is, not Peking, but Pei-ching; mention Peking (or Pékin, as the French call it) to a native and he would not understand it. The name Canton, equally unknown to the natives, is the Europeanized form of Kwangtung.

There is in Chinese no such name as Confucius. If that name were pronounced among natives untouched by western civilization they would not know what it meant. Confucius is the Latinized form of Kong Fu Tse (the Learned Professor Kong); Mencius is the Latinized form of Meng Tse (Professor Meng). "Pongee," "nankeen," "tea,"

"bamboo," "mandarin," "jade," "joss," "junk," "sampan," and "pagoda" are words which foreigners think are Chinese and Chinese think are foreign. The word "coolie" is alien to China; it was imported by foreigners from India, where it designates a low caste, whereas in China there are no castes.¹

Tartar is a name applicable, not to the Chinese, but to nomadic tribes north of China; when the tribes in hordes invaded Europe their name Tatar, or horseman, was corrupted by Europeans into Tartar, after Tartarus, or hell; and the French king St. Louis is reputed to have said, "Well may they be called Tartars, for their deeds are those of fiends from Tartarus." The Tartars were as much a scourge to China as they were to Europe, until a great portion of them, invading China, fell victims to China's historic method of conquering a foe by absorbing it.

The belief that the Chinese call themselves Celestials is erroneous. It is a European fiction, attributable to an ancient custom of the Chinese of calling their dynasty the Heavenly Dynasty, which foreigners transliterated into Celestial Empire.

¹ Other familiar terms used in China but alien to the Chinese are "amah," sewing-woman or female servant; "tiffin," luncheon; "godown," warehouse; "bund," waterfront; "chit," a written promise to pay or a message; "chow," food; "mafoo," coachman; "cumshaw," gratuity; "bobbery," bother; and "comprador," native intermediary in business.

Names of China

The full Chinese name of China, in vogue when it was ruled by emperors supposed to be of divine origin, was Country Governed by a Line of Rulers of Heavenly Origin. Cathay, another name of China unknown to the Chinese, is of Persian and Russian origin; the Russian name was Khitai, which, carried into Europe by early adventurers in the Far East, was anglicized into Cathay.

The biblical name of China was Seres, meaning silk; and the Latin name is Sina; hence, sinology, the study of China's language, literature, history, and characteristics; sinologist or sinologue, one versed in sinology; sinitic, as applied to the Chinese people; sinica as applied to Chinese things, as *lingua sinica* (Chinese tongue or language); and sino, as Sino-Japanese relations.

To Buddhists in India, China was known as the Land of the Dawn, because the sun appeared to rise out of China; and to the Mohammedans it was known as the Land of the East. The Chinese themselves in ancient times called their people by names differing according to the localities in which they lived: in the South they called themselves the Sons of Tang, because of the brilliant Tang Dynasty, which ruled in the South from 618 to 905 A. D., and in the North they called themselves the Sons of Han, because of the Han Dynasty, which ruled in the North from 206 B. C. to 201 A. D. The achievements of both the Tang and the Han dy-

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nasties are still a source of pride to the Chinese people.

Gradually, as the Chinese, secluded within walled cities and behind the Great Wall, awakened to the existence of civilizations other than their own, they designated their country by names less pompous. Calling it originally All Under Heaven, they finally called it Middle Kingdom,² implying naïvely that China, though ceasing to be everything, remains at least the center of everything. The realization that it was not the only country on the earth was probably the severest shock ancient China ever had.

The present foreign name, China, is traceable to an ancient dynasty. It was called Tsin, or Chin, and was founded by Shih Hwang-ti, builder of the Great Wall and destroyer of the ancient classics. In the third century B. C. Shih overthrew the ruling dynasty and succeeded in unifying states previously disunited. The Chinese historians say that he fought his way to power "through seas of blood"; and thus, in the minds of foreigners, he imposed the name of his dynasty upon the whole people, the name of Tsin, or Chin, being corrupted by foreigners into China. In discussing Shih's eventful career, Dr. James B. Legge, a great authority on

² It is interesting to recall that the Mediterranean, the cradle of western civilization, bears a name that means "middle earth" (*medius*, middle; *terra*, earth), which is scarcely less boastful than "Middle Kingdom."

Names of China

Chinese history, says of China as a country immemorially reputed to be pacific, "Probably there is no country in the world which has drunk in so much blood from battles, sieges, and massacres."

The Chinese apply to Europeans names as ridiculous as those which Europeans apply to them. . . .

A Chinese art-collector had a painting in which a demon was the central figure. Expecting European guests and wishing to explain the picture in terms they could understand, he prepared himself by looking up western lore on the subject. He found that a demon, or devil, was described as king of the lower, or nether, regions. When his guests looked at the picture and inquired about the demon, he said, "That is a portrait of the king of the Netherlands."

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XIV

FOREIGN DEVILS

WHY do the Chinese call us foreign devils? Why do they mention us to frighten their naughty children, as if we were hobgoblins; think our knives and forks clumsy and barbarous, and account for our customs only by supposing us to be bewitched?

General Grant's visit to China is still remembered in Peking. It is recalled that the "great American emperor," as he was thought to be, strolled through the streets with a cigar in his mouth, unattended and in civilian clothes. It was as amazing to the people as if the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi had cast off her revered peacock-feathers, kicked over her august dragon throne, and treated the public to a gymnastic performance. The coolies in the street, observing the "American emperor" mingling unafraid in the crowds and blowing smoke out of his mouth, attributed his boldness to the protection of the spirits that attended him in his capacity as a foreign devil.

The coolies, when they see a foreign devil stroll along the top of the Peking wall or visit a ruined temple, believe him to be attended by unseen forces

Foreign Devils

which provide him with sources of wisdom inaccessible to them. Nor do Chinese officials hesitate to designate foreigners as devils. A viceroy, who had occasion to send a letter to a British consul, addressed it to "His Excellency, the Great British Devil."

"The Chinese may love you, but you are a devil all the same," says Dr. Herbert A. Giles, a noted sinologue. "It is natural that he should think so. For generations China was isolated from the rest of the world. Then the foreign devil burst upon the scene, a being as antagonistic to the Chinese as it is possible to conceive. We can see from pictures not intended to be caricatures what were the chief features of the foreigner as viewed by the Chinese: red hair and blue eyes almost without exception; short and extremely tight clothes; a quick walk and mobility of body, involving ungraceful positions, either sitting or standing; and an additional feature which the artists could not portray, an unintelligible language resembling the twittering of birds. Small wonder that little children are terrified at these strange beings and rush, shrieking, to their cottages as the foreigner passes by."

The foreigner who fancies that the Asians must necessarily think his face handsome, his figure impressive, and his manners delightful, learns with a shock that they do not. Dr. William Elliott Griffis says: "Our faces seem often pale and ghost-like.

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Our deep-set eyes have to them an uncanny, far-apart look. Our high, large noses frighten their children. Our hair of various tints, shades and colors, instead of standard black, makes anything but a pleasing impression. The odor of our bodies, being that of meat-eating people, is not pleasant to these rice-eaters. Our drinking of liquor from large glasses, and our use of cooked flesh, not in scraps but in quantities, besides many forms of our table manners and general etiquette, dress, public relations and common ideas concerning the sexes, are in their eyes decidedly below par. They consider departure from inherited tradition outlandish, improper, wrong, wicked, devilish—according to the culture, experience, or reason possessed by the person judging."

Curious to know what Asiatics thought of us for calling them yellow and ourselves white, I asked a thoughtful Chinese what color he considered Europeans to be. He replied by relating an anecdote of a European woman who, having been born in China, spoke Chinese. She was accustomed to shop in the native stores.

One day in a stationery store she ordered some white writing-paper. The storekeeper produced a paper of a pinkish tint, resembling what is commonly called flesh-color.

"I ordered white paper," said the woman.

"This paper is white," said the storekeeper.

Foreign Devils

"It's nothing of the kind; it's pink."

"Madam, you are white, are n't you?"

"Certainly I am white."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "this paper is the same color that you are. Therefore, it must be white."

My friend laughed at the incident. "If the Chinese acknowledge that they are a yellow race," he said, "then the Europeans ought to acknowledge that they are a pink race. Pink is as far from white as yellow is."

The origin of the description of the foreigner as a devil is obscure. It is traced to the sixteenth century, when there was a fashion among wealthy Cantonese to import black natives from the East-Indian archipelago and to use them as gate-keepers. They were called black devils, doubtless from their resemblance to images in Chinese temples, which abound in devils of all colors. The term grew popular during the Boxer uprising, when hatred of foreigners became fanatical, but it was customary centuries ago to dub as barbarians or devils all strange beings who arrived in China from lands of which the Chinese did not know the whereabouts. The ancient emperors, smug on their dragon thrones, were confident of the superiority of Chinese civilization, believing that there was no other civilization; and when they heard of economic and political organizations in the lands from which the

Chinese Fantastics

foreign devils migrated they were loath to believe what they heard. A majority of the Chinese people are still unaware of the existence of any civilization comparable to their own.

If we could gaze into the Chinese brain and there see ourselves as the Chinese see us, we perhaps would not be astonished at their conception of us. We would seem to be doing everything contrarily; reading backward, thinking backward, dressing grotesquely—as putting women's trousers on men—eating queer foods, drinking strange concoctions, hurrying without reason, and violating *feng-shui* (the favorable or unfavorable disposition of spirits in the earth and air), which is an important element in Chinese life. The foreigner's indifference to *feng-shui*, by reason of his ignorance of it, is inexplicable to the natives; they assign his indifference to his defiant attitude as a foreign devil.

Railroads, typewriters, and knives and forks are regarded by the rural Chinese as freaks of the foreign devil. China, which traveled in canal junks, wrote with camel's-hair brushes and ate with chop-sticks when its civilization was coeval with the civilizations of Babylon and Nineveh, probably will travel in junks, write with brushes, and eat with chop-sticks when the foreign devils' innovations have become prehistoric.

There are millions of Chinese who have never seen a foreigner; there are millions who see a for-

Foreign Devils

eigner only seldom, but among them all the tradition has spread that the foreigner is unique. In the mountain towns the children, hearing tales of foreign devils, shudder at the thought of beholding one. In the interior cities the advent of a foreigner in the streets incites the people in homes and shops to rush to the doors to look at him.

I met in Peking a cultured Chinese who remembered his first look at a foreigner. "I was amazed when I saw him," he said. "With woolen trousers, a coat buttoned across his chest, a collar, a colored necktie, and whiskers about his cheeks and chin, he appeared like a dressed-up monkey. But since then I have met many foreigners, and now when I see them I do not laugh."

The answer to the original question is perhaps this: the Chinese call us foreign devils because they think that 's what we are.

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XV

PIGTAILS

HE walked into my room, placed his silk skullcap on the table, pulled a silver jade-studded hair-pin from his coiffure, and blandly hung his pigtail over the back of a chair.

"Not real?" I asked, for I had often admired his sinuous black pigtail. He was a Chinese of the mandarin official class, and, as a conservative, he adhered to the native dress. He wore a long loose coat that touched his ankles, a plum-colored waist-jacket, and sleeves wide enough to hide in them his hands with their long finger-nails. But the most dandified part of him was his pigtail. It reached to the heels of his blue felt shoes in a thick braid and was tipped with a tassel. It gave him a particularly frisky air, especially when he turned quickly and the pigtail snapped like a whip.

"Yes," he said. "Plenty of them do it. You know that old Chinese saying, 'Long united, we divide; long divided, we unite.' So it is with our pigtails. Long wearing them, we cast them off; long separated from them, we restore them. I

Pigtails

am beginning to think western dress is unsuitable to the Chinese."

I never minutely examined Chinese heads to ascertain how many pigtails were detachable. I know only from hearsay or from accidental disclosures that false pigtails are worn by those who, having severed their real ones impulsively, desire them back, and by those who, as employees of conservative Chinese, don them in the morning only to doff them surreptitiously at night. That the Chinese generally will revive pigtail-wearing I greatly doubt. My conviction is that pigtails are doomed to extinction. It seems to me regrettable that before its extinction some one has not adequately chronicled the history of the curious custom. The pigtail was familiarized to us in childhood by pictures on china-ware. It was as essential to the Chinese landscape, as depicted on tea-cups and saucers, as were the conical hats, the bamboo pole, pagodas and temples. It influenced the Chinese civilization for more than two centuries. It gave a bizarre and picturesque touch to the social life of the Chinese. It affected them politically.

Under the ancient Chinese system of punishment, pigtails gave officials an advantage in managing criminals. Criminals were pulled out of their cells and dragged into court by their pigtails. They were tied together in bunches by their pigtails; if they tried to escape, all in the same bunch would have to

run simultaneously and in the same direction—which presupposed a unanimity impossible among humans.

In the Boxer uprising, while the allied armies were marching from Tientsin to relieve the legations at Peking, some coolies who had been pressed into service by the foreigners were captured by the Chinese generals. What punishment befitted the disloyal coolies who had served with the foreign devils? Cutting off their heads was too mild. Worse than death, the coolies' pigtails were lopped off, and they were returned to the enemies' camp, pigtailless, to show that for their disloyalty they had suffered humiliation worse than torture or decapitation.

The Manchus, a tribe of Tartars, conquered China in 1644. As a token of bondage, each Chinese was required to shave the forepart of his head, but to permit the hair on the back of it to grow. Etiquette stipulated that the long hair, braided and tipped with a tassel, should, in the presence of superiors, always hang over the back. It never was to be concealed or coiled beneath head-gear unless it interfered with business. Pigtail-wearing, introduced to humiliate them, became gradually so popular among the Chinese that, having forgotten its origin, they were loath to abandon the custom when it was officially suspended at the fall of the Manchus in 1911.

For further enlightenment on the pigtail's origin,

Pigtails

I have searched vainly; there is no pigtail anthology. The sole authority appears to be Dr. Giles, who says that the Tartars, or Manchus, were lovers of horses and wore their hair long probably in emulation of their horses' tails. He says:

There are some strange misconceptions as to the origin and meaning of the queue. Some associate it with religion and gravely state that without it no Chinese could be hauled into paradise. Others know that queues have been worn by the Chinese only for about 280 years and that they were imposed as a badge of conquest by the Manchu-Tartars. Previous to 1644 the Chinese clothed their bodies and dressed their hair in the style of the modern Japanese, who, of course, obtained their styles at an earlier period from the Chinese. . . .

The Tartars may be said to have depended almost for their existence upon the horse, and in old pictures the Tartar is often seen lying curled up asleep with his horse, illustrating the mutual affection and dependence between master and beast. Out of sheer respect for his noble ally the man grew a queue in imitation of the horse's tail. There is other evidence which seems to me to settle the matter. Official coats, as seen in China at the present day, are made with very peculiar sleeves, shaped like a horse's leg and ending in what is an unmistakable hoof, completely covering the hand. These are actually known to the Chinese as "horseshoe sleeves," and encased therein, a Chinese's arms certainly look very much like a horse's fore-legs. . . .

When the Tartars conquered China there was at first a

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strenuous fight against the queue, and it has been said that the turbans still worn by the southern Chinese were originally adopted as a means of concealing the hateful Manchu badge. . . . False queues are to be seen hanging in the streets for sale. They are usually worn by burglars, and come off in your hand when you think you have caught your man. Prisoners are often led to and from gaol by their queues, sometimes three or four being tied together in a gang.

It is singular that a nation of men, for political reasons, could be forced to wear their hair long, but it is not so remarkable when one remembers that in China a woman considers it unwomanly not to wear trousers and a man considers it unmanly not to wear skirts.

Commercially, the pigtail has affected the world. Shantung is a province in China which specializes in hair-nets. It goes in for peanuts, straw braid, and pigs' bristles, but it specializes in hair-nets. One hundred and fifty million hair-nets are manufactured annually of hair clipped from Chinese heads. Not a city in Europe, not one in America, that does not boast of a beauty whose hair is kept in place by the sacrifice of a Chinese pigtail. Sufficient pigtails there may be for the moment, but what is to become of the coiffures of these beauties when the Chinese nation becomes a nation of short-haired men?

XVI

CHOP-SUEY

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CHINESE in America have popularized chop-suey as if that dish were characteristically Chinese. It is not. It is unknown in China. Searched from end to end, China, except perhaps in the foreign settlements of Shanghai, would not reveal a dish of chop-suey, a cook who knew how to prepare it, or a restaurant of the kind that in America passes for a Chinese restaurant.

Chop-suey undoubtedly had a Chinese origin. It is related that the genial Li Hung-chang, when on a visit to the United States, was at a loss to entertain some American guests, who asked that they be served a Chinese banquet. His cook, collecting such ingredients as were available, concocted a dish to which he gave an exotic tang by adding a piquant sauce made from the soya-bean.

When asked what the dish was called in his native land, the jolly Li was reluctant to disillusion his guests. At that moment his merry eye happened to light upon the chop-sticks and the bottle of soya-sauce, and he answered "chop-soya," which was corrupted by his guests into chop-suey.

The gusto of the guests was hint enough for the

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wily Chinese cook. He communicated his discovery to his compatriots in San Francisco. The origin of America's chop-suey business, which has no counterpart in the country from which it is supposed to be imported, is thus accounted for by tradition.¹

The Chinese are voracious eaters, generally; but whether they eat much or little they are economical. What is wasted in America would provide sixty million Chinese with luxury: every two Americans throw away enough to nourish a human being on the other side of the world. Nothing in China is wasted; the minutest scraps—orange-peelings, potato-parings, morsels of bread or meat—are seined out of rivers and harbors where natives in sampans paddle around ocean liners from which refuse is thrown; and in the interior the green tops of vegetables are eaten, for what is good for rabbits is good for man.

The cost of feeding an adult, if averaged for all of China's population, would be a few cents a day. A coolie never drinks milk or eats butter or cheese; he could not afford them even if milk, butter, and cheese were not distasteful to him. He seldom tastes sugar or meat. His diet is tea, steamed rice, cabbage, fish in small quantity, raw turnip pickled in brine for relish, and dried watermelon seeds for

¹ There is a Cantonese word, *shap sui*, which means "chopped and mixed." Dishes of food "chopped and mixed," though differing from chop-suey, are common.

Chop-Suey

dessert. On such a diet the labor of the most populous nation in the world is performed, a prodigious labor that provides luxuries for the rest of mankind.

Edward Alsworth Ross, in "The Changing Chinese," describes how the poor of China dole out their food with microscopic regard for economy. He says: "Two cubic inches of bean curd, four walnuts, five peanuts, fifteen roasted beans and twenty melon seeds make a meal. The melon vender's stand is decked out with wedges of insipid melon the size of two fingers. The householder leaves the butcher's stall with a morsel of pork, the pluck of a fowl and a strip of fish as big as a sardine, tied together with a blade of grass. In Anhwei the query corresponding to 'How do you make your living?' is 'How do you get through the day?' On taking leave it is good manners for the guest to thank his host expressly for the food provided. Four-fifths of the conversation among the common Chinese relates to food."

But there is another table in China. It groans with native luxuries and is provided for retired merchants, sleek office-holders, and military overlords. On it no expense is spared. Etiquette obliges a guest never to decline a dish, and as there are often twenty-four or forty dishes—which, according to custom, are in multiples of four—it is sometimes a strain on etiquette. There are sharks' fins, bird's-nest soup, sea-slug soup, fir-tree cones,

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eels in strange forms of pickling, eggs preserved in lime, lotus-roots, ducks' tongues, lumps of steamed dough, raw this and raw that, and unlimited rice-wine served hot from a tea-pot.

It would seem that a nation which eats with chop-sticks ought to be dainty, because the food must be lifted to the mouth in morsels. Nothing is served on a Chinese table in large pieces. It is chopped or cut into cubes that it may be picked up deftly with sticks. Manipulated by the powdered hand of a cultivated woman, ivory chop-sticks certainly appear more delicate than the polished metal eating-implements of the West. Even in the hands of a coolie the wooden sticks are so skilfully employed that the food, passing swiftly from dish to mouth, is scarcely seen. Yet the Chinese, generally, are not dainty eaters; too often the sticks are used to ram inordinately large lumps into voracious mouths.

Chinese cooks are reckoned as second only to French cooks in their versatility. The rating of cooks in the order of their profundity, as fixed by international eaters, is, I believe, French, Chinese, American, and English, not to consider the cooks in Central Europe. But for pure delight in compounding viands that taste like medicine and yet will not cure anything, the Chinese cook is the world's peer. He is a culinary magician.

But there is one dish which he either cannot make or will not make, and that is chop-suey.

XVII

CHINESE WOMEN

華女

WE were walking in the Forbidden City, Peking's assemblage of white marble courts, red walls, imposing gateways, high belfries, gilt temples, and lacquered pillars supporting yellow roofs—as magnificent a picture as any on earth. The little Chinese girl, in a blue jacket and short, gold-brocaded skirt, stood profiled against the marble steps, her jet-black hair combed back, her straight bangs flattened against her forehead.

“I wish I spoke Cantonese,” she said.

“I wish I spoke Manchu,” said her companion.

Both were Chinese women of the new generation. Both spoke English with ease; yet, though each was fluent in a Chinese dialect, one in that of Canton and the other in that of Peking, they were able to converse only in English. It almost stunned you, the spectacle of these bobbed-haired, college-bred Chinese girls who had to employ an Occidental language to express their thoughts.

Yet, while they are not numerous among the millions of women and girls in China, they confront you everywhere. Sometimes in Tientsin, Hankow,

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Nanking, Shanghai, or Canton, you hear them chatting, not in English, perhaps, but in Chinese, when two of them happen to speak the same dialect, but anyway you recognize them by their bobbed hair, their big feet, and the characteristic trimness which they have gained from contact with the western world. They represent in China, in their bright, school-girlish way, the universal awakening of the feminine mind which is raising the status of woman-kind in all downtrodden countries; and when China becomes a progressive nation it will be as much because of the Chinese women as of the Chinese men. Enough of enlightened men China has already; the trouble with them is that they are corrupt. Enough of enlightened women she will never have, for they are incorruptible.

The smart Chinese girl is on a par with her American sister. Generally she has an advantage in a knowledge of conditions in two hemispheres. She has the same firm opinion concerning the right of women to participate in public business. She bobs her hair. She wears low-heeled, square-toed shoes, and she is moved to pity by the sight of a Chinese baby whose feet are bound or of an old woman hobbling along on two stubs of feet that had been crippled by the binding process in infancy. She ignores the teachings of Confucius as being antiquated, and she abhors the old system of deciding fitness for office by examinations in the classics

Chinese Women

as being unsuitable for modern China. And she recognizes the Chinese man as her foe who frowns upon any progress in her emancipation as likely to threaten his supremacy. In China, as elsewhere, man is reluctant to concede to woman the rights he enjoys.

It is easy, perhaps, to overstate the number and the importance of the intellectual women in China. A few of them in Peking may be much in evidence, but women in the remote interior, though intelligent and usually masterful in their own households, remain abysmally ignorant of any movement that seeks to assert their rights. The enlightened women who are eager to participate in public affairs are hampered by the political chaos. But they talk.

Nowhere in China do they talk more than they do in Canton, where the young progressives of both sexes thrive under Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and it is in Canton that the women have aroused most deeply the animosity of their masculine rulers. I happened to be in Canton when stern measures were taken to put down the women.

And this was the way of it. Canton is governed by a municipal legislative board composed entirely of men. These gray-headed wiseacres, garbed in flowing robes and red-tasseled caps, convened one day to take cognizance of the growing menace of woman. It is currently believed among the wise men of the Far East that bobbed hair is an Occiden-

tal abomination and that in some mysterious fashion the woman who clips her hair becomes straightway endowed with the intellectual prowess of a man, a thing not to be tolerated if the right of plundering the public funds is to be maintained.

"What," said these Chinese gentlemen, "is to become of our present state of affairs if these westernized women go on bobbing their hair? What is to become of the sacred rights of man?"

"It is moved and seconded and passed," said the chairman, "that a law be framed prohibiting the women of this province from bobbing."

And so in the province of Kwantung it is unlawful for a woman to bob her hair. Happily the Cantonese women ignore it.

Beautiful in their sweet simplicity, patient, industrious, the Chinese women are the hope of China. They have obstacles almost insuperable, but their bright faces are turned forward; their merry black eyes are peering into the future.

XVIII

THE WOMAN THAT HENPECKED A NATION

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TEN henpecked husbands, says a Chinese story, agreed to form a society to resist the oppression of their wives. At their first meeting, while they smoked their pipes and considered what method to pursue to emancipate themselves, the wives, who had heard of the conspiracy, appeared. There was a stampede of the husbands. Nine of them incontinently bolted through a back door; one alone remained to face the terrifying females. The wives, satisfied by a casual glance into the meeting-place that their raid had been a success, dispersed. The nine husbands, deliberating what next should be done, as they stood trembling down the road, agreed that the tenth man who had remained behind should be their leader, because he had proved he was unafraid of women. Returning to the meeting-place to compliment him on his valor and to notify him of his selection, they found him stretched on the floor, dead from fright.

The humor of the story, in the Chinese view of it, is its assumed absurdity. Chinese men, in relegating their wives to positions of inferiority,

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amuse themselves by assuming to be true what is often the very opposite of the truth. Though Chinese women have been denied educational and economic advantages, it is erroneous to suppose that they are deficient either in intellect or in character or that they fail to participate in domestic and public affairs. In a land where women were reputed to be repressed, where a wife was promised that if she was obedient she should as a reward be reborn a man, and where henpecked husbands were thought not to exist, it was ironical that from obscurity there should arise a woman who was shrewder than all the men, who outwitted them individually and collectively, who exercised supreme mastery over them, who for almost half a century henpecked a whole nation of them.

§ 1

In a *hutung*, or narrow lane, in the Tartar City of Peking, there was born in 1835 a girl who was known as Yehonala. Her ancestors were of the Manchu race, who, though alien to the Chinese, had ruled over China for almost two centuries. Her father, a minor Manchu official, or bannerman, was impecunious and humble. Unaware that the future of his daughter was any more promising than that of the females of other poor families, he permitted her to run in the streets. She watched the puppet-

The Woman That Henpecked a Nation

shows; she traded with the market people; she jostled with the coolies that ever throng the streets of the Chinese capital; she often carried a younger brother on her back; the cunning of tradespeople, the buffeting of crowds, the cursings of camel-drivers, the hardships of poverty, were the first experiences in human affairs of the girl who was destined to be master of China and one of the most remarkable women that ever lived. In her sixteenth year, Yehonala, in compliance with the law, was taken by her parents to be registered for the draft of inmates for the imperial household. Only Manchu girls were drafted. It was considered no disgrace, but rather an honor, for a daughter, after she was registered and her qualifications were noted by the keen-eyed examiners, to be chosen as a secondary wife, or concubine, of the emperor. The emperor was allowed by tradition, in addition to his legal wife, to have as many as 281 concubines. They were divided into five ranks. In the first rank there was only one concubine; in the second rank there were four; in the third rank there were seventy-two; in the fourth rank there were eighty-four; and in the fifth rank there were 120.

Yehonala was drafted. She entered the Forbidden City and became one of the 120. If uneducated, she was at least sophisticated; of books she knew nothing, of people much. Comparing herself to her associates, she realized that her own

personality was charming, her manners graceful, her wit sharp, and that in these qualities she possessed advantages. She was not slow to seek other advantages. She acquired a knowledge of the Chinese language, which was not easy even for a Manchu, who spoke a language foreign to the Chinese; she mastered the art of writing with a brush, which princesses generally ignored as being unexpected of them; she studied diligently Chinese history and literature; she acquainted herself with the problems that confronted China in its relations with foreign powers. The little street-girl who had carried her younger brother on her back was preparing to carry China on her back.

On the 120 concubines of the fifth or lowest rank the Emperor Hsien-feng seldom deigned to gaze; he was scarcely aware of the presence in the palace of any individual among them. In four years he had not seen Yehonala, and in four years she advanced only from the fifth to the fourth rank. Her position among eighty-four, however, was less obscure than among the greater number, and her advancement henceforth was rapid. Attracting the attention of the emperor, who was fascinated by her intelligence and beauty, she rose successively through the third and second to the first rank, subordinate only to the Empress Tzu An, who herself had previously been a concubine. Fortunately for Yehonala, the Empress Tzu An was disinclined to par-

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ticipate in state affairs. She yielded readily to Yehonala, whose influence in the court was soon further increased by the birth of a son, the only son born to the emperor.

In 1861 occurred an event that raised Yehonala to an eminence from which she refused to descend until her death forty-seven years later. Peking had been invaded by the armies of France and England. The Chinese court, terrified by the foreign devils, had fled to Jehol, a town one hundred miles in the interior. At Jehol, during the second year of the exile, the emperor died. Yehonala, mother of the heir apparent, became co-regent with Empress Tzu An. She assumed the name of Tzu Hsi. Twenty-six years old, she began to reign, to build about her the autocratic power that was to make her feared and admired, hated and loved, praised and condemned. The Yehonala that had been jostled by the coolies in the street was Tzu Hsi Tuan-yu Kang I Chao-yu Chuang-Cheng Shou-Kung Chin-Hsien Chung Hsi—the Loving-hearted and Fortunate, Upright and Aiding, Happy and Careful, Bright and Pleasant, Earnest and True, Long-lived and Serious, Reverent and Good, Exalted and Brilliant.

§ 2

Because of her indomitability Tzu Hsi was compared to Catharine de Medici, Queen Elizabeth,

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Mary Stuart, Catharine II of Russia, and Queen Victoria. She herself liked best to be compared to her contemporary, Victoria, whom she admired from afar. There was a singular parallelism in the lives of these two women. Empresses on opposite sides of the globe, they reigned almost concurrently, each over four hundred million subjects, in an age when women were not considered political factors and when the right of women to vote was scarcely anywhere conceded. Eight hundred million persons, almost half of the world's population, were for half a century under the rule of women. But the conditions of the empresses differed vastly. Victoria enjoyed the counsel of wise statesmen and the adjacency of civilized if not entirely friendly neighbors. Tzu Hsi was advised by ministers whose motives were suspected, whose ignorance of foreign affairs was dense, and she was surrounded by nations that were hostile and tribes that were savage. The only advice that she could trust was her own. If she ruled at all she had to rule alone.¹

¹ The Princess Der Ling quotes the empress dowager as having said: "Although I have heard much about Queen Victoria and read a part of her life which some one has translated into Chinese, still I don't think her life was half so interesting and eventful as mine. . . . She had the able men of Parliament back of her at all times and of course they discussed everything until the best result was obtained; then she would sign the necessary documents and really had nothing to say about the policy of the country. Now look at me. I have four hundred million people, all dependent

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During the Boxer uprising, when foreign hatred for her was intense, as much falsehood as truth was told of her. She was pictured as a sort of Chinese Ivan the Terrible, a stormy harriidan in her dealings with foreign diplomats, a bloody ogress among her own people. Of the crimes attributed to her it is enough to mention that she was held responsible for the deaths of her husband Emperor Hsien-feng, her son Tung Chih, her daughter-in-law A-Lu-te and her co-regent Empress Tzu An, and by some she was suspected of having murdered Emperor Kwang Hsu the day before her own death.² It was true that persons who were obstacles to her ambition died opportunely for her, that some of them poisoned themselves by swallowing gold-leaf—an aristocratic way

on my judgment. Although I have the Grand Council to consult with, they look only after the different appointments, but everything of an important nature I must decide myself."

² Unfortunately for despots, they frequently are accused of crimes of which they are innocent—convicted of a single murder they are charged with murders by the wholesale; but an authority no less than Dr. Giles, in "China and the Manchus," attributes directly to the empress dowager the murder of Emperor Kwang Hsu's favorite, who was known as the Pearl Concubine. Referring to the court's flight from Peking during the Boxer uprising, he says: "At the very moment of departure, she perpetrated a most brutal crime. A favorite concubine of the emperor, who had previously given cause for offense, urged that his Majesty should not take part in the flight but should remain in Peking. For this suggestion, the empress dowager caused the miserable girl to be thrown down a well in spite of the supplications of the emperor on her behalf."

of dying ³—and that among her enemies death from natural causes was rare.

It was alleged that, in spite of her occasional "retirements" to enjoy private life "in the profound seclusion" of her palace, she never relinquished her grasp on her scepter, that she appointed only infants to succeed her and that she cautiously removed them when they matured and threatened to supplant her. She complained, not unjustly, that there were no real men in China. The answer of her people was that she was the "only man in China." In a country which professed to subjugate women she alone exhibited the masterful qualities of a man.

It was alleged that she was extravagant, that when the imperial treasury appropriated three million pounds sterling for a navy she used the money to build herself a palace and a tea-house, and that to satisfy a technical requirement she hung over the tea-house a sign, "Admiralty Office." Her excuse was that if the money had been used for a navy there would have been no one in China competent to manage it, that the navy would have fallen into the hands of an enemy, and that a palace and a tea-house were a better investment since they could not be sunk or removed from their moorings.

It was alleged that she neglected her duties and

³ The phrase "swallowing gold-leaf" occurs in records of the deaths of aristocratic offenders. It is a mere euphuism for taking ordinary poison.

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played with Pekingese puppies and canaries when problems of state were pressing for solution.⁴ But those who had the opportunity to see her in her palace asserted that she possessed more energy than all of her ministers put together and that she resorted to diversion only to give them a chance to catch up with her.

It was alleged that she permitted her chief eunuch, Li Lien-ying, to exercise an undue influence over her—else why did she allow him, a shoemaker's son, to stand by her side when she was photographed? But, aware that eunuchs troubled her predecessors, she minimized their authority and on her death-bed admonished her successor to get rid of them.

It was alleged in dispraise of her intelligence that she was superstitious, that she directed public business with a strict regard for the rites of geomancy, and that when the fanatical Boxers marched from Shantung into Peking she readily believed their ridiculous stories—that they had supernatural powers to destroy foreign devils, that their bodies

⁴ "Each year on her birthday her Majesty would buy ten thousand birds and set them free. The eunuchs each with a cage of birds knelt in front of her Majesty, and she opened each cage one after another and watched the birds fly away and prayed to the gods that these birds would not be caught again."—Princess Der Ling. It was a little ironical that while the empress dowager was thus engaged, eunuchs, unknown to her, waited outside the palace walls to recapture the birds and again sell them to her Majesty on her next birthday.

were impervious to the bullets and swords of foreign armies, that they were aided by spirit soldiers, and that they could kill foreigners with pop-guns and magical paper pellets. It is fair to say, in recalling Tzu Hsi's faith in the Boxers, that she lived in a superstitious age. When she was a girl and up to the time that she assumed her position as co-regent, the Taiping Rebellion—the bloodiest civil war China ever experienced—was sweeping through the Yangtze Valley. The Manchus believed that the "long-haired" rebels in the south were charmed. Stories were circulated that the rebels cut recruits out of paper and converted them into living fighters by breathing on them, that the imperial troops were beaten back by these supernaturally created soldiers, and that the rebels when they won a battle reconverted their recruits into paper, each soldier thus carrying in his knapsack a regiment that required neither food nor clothing. Old women were afraid to be seen with scissors lest they be suspected of cutting out troops for the rebels. Before and after she entered the Forbidden City Tzu Hsi heard accounts of supernatural soldiers from sources she had no reason to question. She believed in the Boxers because her ministers professed to believe in them. She promptly repudiated them when she found that their magic was ineffective.⁵

⁵ "Her Majesty was a firm believer in the old Chinese superstitions connected with the Sea Palace, and during one of our con-

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Considering her environment and the character of her people, Tzu Hsi was not unprogressive. When it was urged that railroad building should cease because the railroads disturbed "the spirits of the earth and the air," she instructed Li Hung-chang to "go on with the railroads"; she consented to a constitution with a stipulation that it should be applied as her people showed capacity to grasp it; she supported a university at Peking; she opened new ports to foreign trade; she permitted foreign navigation on the Yangtze; she extended the postal service; she opposed opium-smoking and devised a plan for its gradual elimination; she discouraged foot-binding among Chinese women; she put Manchu and Chinese women on an equal basis; she permitted intermarriage among Chinese and Manchus, which previously had been forbidden. In her old age she seemed to have misgivings as to the wisdom of gynarchy and to question whether she did right in insisting that China should be governed by a woman. On her death-bed she said: "Never again allow a woman to hold the supreme power. It is

versations she told me I was not to be surprised at anything I saw. She said it was quite a common occurrence for a person walking beside you suddenly to disappear altogether and explained that they were simply foxes that took human shape to suit their purpose. They had probably lived in the Sea Palace for thousands of years and possessed this power of changing their form at will. She said that no doubt the eunuchs would tell me they were spirits or ghosts, but that that was not true; they were sacred foxes and would harm nobody."—Princess Der Ling.

against the law of our dynasty and should be forbidden." Four years after her death, China, whether heedful of her advice or because of other motives, altogether abolished monarchs, male and female, and established a republic.

§ 3

Tzu Hsi, removed from European influences in the "profound seclusion" of her palace, indulged in amusements which to foreigners might have seemed strange but which were quite natural in the eyes of her subjects. She collected clocks and enjoyed owning particularly those through whose glass cases she could see the mechanisms whirring and the pendulums swaying. In her throne-room she kept eighty-five clocks, most of which were presents sent her by European monarchs. When her ministers complained that the combined ticking, buzzing, ringing, chiming and cuckooing of the multitudinous clocks tended to drown their voices whenever they attempted to transact state business with her, she became enraged, excused the ministers, and commanded her clock-maker to examine all the clocks to make sure that none of them would run down. On a table in her private apartment she kept six clocks in a row. A European visitor, noticing that the clocks each recorded a different hour, asked her how she ascertained the time. Her reply was that

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she first observed all the clocks and then calculated their average time, which gave a result accurate enough for her purposes. Her fondness for a music-box, given to her by Queen Victoria, testified to her predilection for mechanical contrivances common to Orientals. Having traveled on a railroad-train which she could be induced to enter only after her prejudice against the foreign innovation had been overcome, she enthusiastically approved of the building of a miniature railroad in the grounds of the Winter Palace. The little narrow-gage puffed and snorted around the edge of a lake with the empress and members of her retinue as passengers, but the smoke and cinders proved disagreeable, and the railroad was removed.

In the kite-flying season, when the sky about Peking was flecked with paper dragons, demons, fishes, birds, and other aërial grotesqueries, Tzu Hsi participated in the sport. She had kites made for her personal use. Seated on a hill in the grounds of the Summer Palace, she held the strings of her own kite, flying far overhead. The woman who could outwit her enemies could fly a kite as high as any man. Only Oriental history can furnish the spectacle of a female monarch, sitting on a hilltop and flying a kite.

Outdoors the empress was as dictatorial as she was in the formal audiences with her ministers. It was not uncommon for her on a stormy night to

order her palanquin, summon her attending princesses, and, in spite of rain and thunder, proceed to a turnip-patch which she cultivated in the palace grounds. Protected from the rain by a wide-spreading umbrella of yellow silk, while her eunuchs held lanterns to enable her to see, she leisurely pulled turnips from the ground and selected the choice ones for the imperial kitchen; the princesses, in silk robes and brocaded shoes, meanwhile standing in the mud and rain, powerless to protest against the strange whim of their august mistress. Twenty-six eunuchs invariably attended the empress dowager on her peregrinations in her gardens. Her chair was carried by eight eunuchs, dressed in official robes; the head eunuch walked on her left and the second eunuch on her right side; four walked in front and twelve behind. Each eunuch on a tray carried part of her Majesty's paraphernalia—her clothes, shoes, handkerchiefs, brushes, mirrors, powder-boxes, combs, perfumes, pins, black and red ink, writing-brushes, yellow paper, cigarettes, water-pipes—and the last eunuch bore her yellow satin-covered stool.

When a European circus appeared in China, the empress invited it to appear before her. She enjoyed the sawdust ring, the tricks of the trained animals, the feats of the tumblers, and the antics of the clowns, but she hastily withdrew when she saw the female bareback riders, because their tights per-

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mitted an exhibition of legs to which she was unaccustomed.

Valuing amusement as a necessary diversion from state cares, she encouraged and personally supervised a theatrical troupe, for which she provided a theater in both the Summer and Winter Palaces. She designed the stage-setting—for she professed to be somewhat of an artist—coached the actors, and rearranged to suit her taste the dialogue and plot of any play selected for production. She had a sense for dramatic effects, and though she probably never heard of Hamlet's advice to the actors, she abhorred acting that was not tempered as Hamlet urged. The little theaters, denuded of past glories, and the little boxes in which the empress sat, screened from other spectators, still may be seen in Peking; but the wind sweeps across the unprotected stages, the boxes in which the empress sat are fallen into melancholy decay, and the draperies are faded rags. The empress herself was an actress, an actress in real dramas, in which emperors were deposed, battles fought, enemies put to death, romances turned to tragedies by dynastic exigency. She was the leading lady in the international melodrama, the Boxer uprising. In that spectacular play she had to disguise herself as a coolie, escape through a back gate of the palace, and flee to the hills in a donkey-cart. In her flight she looked back from a hilltop to see smoke arise from her palaces

and flames leap from her heaps of treasure, as soldiers of the allied armies put torches to them. Eighteen months later she returned to the capital, a penitent. Her eunuch, Li Lien-ying, as she was reëntering the city, pointed to the foreigners, who were assembled in the streets to witness her humiliation, and said, "Old Buddha, you must look pleasantly at the foreign devils." Was she not playing a part when she faced her enemies, the foreigners, and pretended that she was glad to see them?

§ 4

Had she been asked about it, Tzu Hsi probably would have denied that she was superstitious; yet superstitious she undoubtedly was both in her private affairs and in public affairs. When the Chinese-Japanese War ended in disaster for China, she was in her sixtieth year. As her seventieth year approached, she became apprehensive lest another disaster might befall her country. Accordingly in her sixty-ninth year she celebrated her seventieth anniversary with a pomp ostentatious enough to fool whatever gods were concerned. She sat for her portrait before an American artist, but before she would consent to have the first daub applied to the canvas she consulted her geomancers to ascertain what moment would be propitious for such an event, and the artist was not permitted to begin until the

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question had been decided. A like formality was observed in the completion of the portrait, the brush being applied for the last time at the precise moment fixed by the geomancers. After it was packed for shipment to America, to be presented to the United States Government as a present, the portrait was placed in an upright position on a special train in order that while it moved slowly to the seaport it might receive from Chinese subjects the same kow-tows and homage as if it had been the empress herself.

Many years before her death the empress selected a site for her tomb, but as she grew old she became uneasy lest the site might not be under geomantic conditions favorable for her eternal repose. She instructed her geomancers to examine the situation. The geomancers, not unmindful of whatever squeeze the work promised, reported that the site was out of plumb with the desires of the spirits of the earth. They recommended a slight shifting of the site, to accomplish which the tomb of another empress would have to be moved. Tzu Hsi, accordingly, caused the tomb of Tzu An, formerly her rival, to be shifted fifteen feet two inches northward and four feet seven and a half inches westward.

The funeral service for her was held in accord with her instructions. It cost half a million dollars. Of this amount thirty-five thousand dollars was

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expended for an imitation boat, 180 feet long, in which were life-size oarsmen and servants in silk robes; there were also three thousand life-size paper effigies of officials, cavalrymen, infantrymen, chair-bearers, horses, carriages, and other effects, all of which were burnt and thus sent to attend her in the spirit world.⁶

The Chinese symbol of longevity and prosperity which appears everywhere and on everything in China—on the walls of palaces and hovels, on wedding-cakes and coffins, on banners and lanterns—was attractive to Tzu Hsi. It was for her no idle symbol, for she lived long and she prospered.

§ 5

"Please omit the wrinkles," said Tzu Hsi to the artist who painted her portrait. If to wish posterity to behold her without wrinkles was vain, then she was vain, but not vainer than most women would have been under like circumstances. She suffered certain disadvantages. She did not use

⁶ "At the funeral of the empress dowager, Moo-Tan (Peony), a yellow-and-white dog with a white spot on its forehead, was led before her coffin by the chief eunuch, in obedience to the precedent which had been set 900 years before, when the favorite dog of the Emperor T'ai Tsung of the Sung Dynasty was led in state to his master's tomb. In due accord with precedent, too, the late empress' dog was supposed to have died at the time; others state that it was sold by one of the eunuchs."—V. W. F. Collier in "Dogs of China and Japan in Nature and Art."

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cosmetics because custom forbade a Manchu widow to use them. The imperial yellow, which she was obliged to wear, disagreed with her complexion, though she overcame its effect as much as possible by wearing an abundance of furs, jewels, and scarfs.

The habits and personal appearance of foreign women fascinated her. When she first saw the wives of the foreign diplomats she was astonished that some of them had red or blond hair, instead of black hair like Oriental women. Recalling that the Chinese usually put colored hair on their images of devils, she said it was perhaps not inappropriate that the foreign women should wear red or blond hair, since they were the wives of foreign devils. She disapproved of foot-binding among Chinese women, but she thought it no worse than waist-binding. Noticing one day among her guests a stout woman with a waist shaped like an hour-glass, she said, "How painful it must be to be incased in ribs of steel!"

Judged by Oriental standards of beauty, Tzu Hsi, in her prime, was beautiful. In stature she was about five feet, but she looked taller because she wore Manchu shoes with cork soles six inches thick. Her hands were small and daintily tapered; on the third and fourth fingers of each hand she wore nail-protectors, either of gold or jade, for on these fingers she permitted her nails to grow long. The long nails, common among Manchu aristocrats (as

indicating that they performed no manual labor), were so important to the empress that when she had to disguise herself as a coolie woman to escape during the Boxer uprising she bitterly lamented the loss of her nails and of her nail-protectors. Her Tartar origin was indicated by the roundness of her head and the breadth of her forehead. Her eyes seemed wide apart because of the flatness of her nose. Her ears were large and never concealed. Her chin was of the kind that is taken to denote firmness. Her hair was combed flat over the fore part of her head and built up in the back over black satin bow wings.

Her throne was of red lacquer. It was ascended by tiny steps; above it were inscribed in gold letters the sixteen honorific titles which she affected as evidence of her greatness. On either side of the throne stood vases of flowers and plaques of fruit. Her robe was of imperial yellow brocaded in designs of wisteria and embroidered in pearls. It reached from her neck to the floor in one piece and was fastened at the side by jade buttons. From a button on her right shoulder hung a string of eighteen pearls, separated by flat pieces of deep green jade, and from her neck, on a yellow silk cord, were suspended a large carved ruby and two pear-shaped pearls. About her neck she wore a wide pale-blue ribbon incrustated with gold and pearls.

In spite of her grandeur, she never forgot her

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humble origin. It is related that she often visited the beggars who loitered around her palace gates. The stories of her kindness to the beggars traveled far and caused the humble among her subjects to believe that she thought of them. If she was loved by anybody it was by the humble people, who remembered she had been one of them. Once when she was being carried through a country lane, the peasants, kneeling, observed through the parted curtains of her palanquin that she had fallen asleep. "Look!" they whispered. "The Old Buddha is sleeping. It is because she is tired from her work. A rare woman! It is a pleasure to see her getting a little rest."

For her personal safety Tzu Hsi never evinced fear, but she craftily protected herself against possible enemies. She slept on a pillow that had through it a hole big enough to receive her ear. It was her idea that by keeping her ear in the hole while she slept she could more readily hear the sound of any danger lurking in her room or any untoward noise elsewhere in the palace. She had signals by which in a crowd she secretly enforced her wishes. By tapping her fan on her knuckles she informed her lady in waiting, during a conversation with which she was bored, to change the subject; by lifting her handkerchief, while entertaining foreigners whom she wished to be rid of, she instructed the chief eunuch to announce that

barges were waiting to take the guests upon the lake. No visitor at the palace escaped the espionage of some one appointed to report what the visitor said, for the empress dowager was insatiably curious to learn what others thought of her.

§ 6

The top of the Tartar City wall near the Legation Quarter—the scene of fire and bloodshed during the Boxer uprising, but now deserted—affords on moonlight nights a panorama of the Forbidden City—the Buddhist temples on Coal Hill, the dark Drum Tower, reaching toward the stars, the ruined porcelain belfry of Kublai Khan, the lagoons, the bridges, the red palaces, the marble terraces. It is easy, while standing on the wall, to revive in memory a scene associated with China's remarkable woman.

It was Tzu Hsi's custom on a certain night each autumn to adore the harvest-moon. Attended by her princesses, household functionaries, and political servitors, she prostrated herself before "the chaste and pure celestial orb." . . . The palace doors swung open; a flood of light from the palace interior streamed across the marble terrace; a thousand horn lanterns, shaped like pumpkins and daubed with symbols of red, flickered in the moonlight; tributes of fruit and flowers were heaped upon an

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altar; and a flame, fed by fragrant spirit, leaped from a bronze urn and illumined the encircling faces. Slowly the empress, garbed in her yellow robes and resplendent in her pearls, jade, and rubies, advanced to the center of the terrace and bowed. She who had never humbled herself before any mortal thus humbled herself before the moon.⁷

⁷There exist no biographies of Tzu Hsi adequate either chronologically or circumstantially, partly because she, in keeping with the aloofness of Chinese sovereigns, withheld from her people the facts of her origin and of her private life; but there are books that are entertaining if not thorough—among them, "China under the Empress Dowager," by J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse; "With the Empress Dowager of China," by Katharine A. Carl; "The Great Empress Dowager of China," by Philip W. Sergeant; "Court Life in China," by Isaac Taylor Headland; and "Two Years in the Forbidden City," by the Princess Der Ling. The Princess Der Ling, a Manchu, enjoyed opportunities denied to most women of China. She was educated in Europe without neglect of her native language, customs, and history; on returning to Peking she became the empress dowager's favorite, her lady in waiting, and to some extent her confidante. Her two years in the empress dowager's entourage formed the basis for her book, the most intimate and perhaps the only personal chronicle ever to be written of China's female monarch. To complete her cosmopolitanism, the princess, by marriage, later became a citizen of America.

XIX

THROUGH A WINDOW

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WINDOWS in China are glazed with paper, paper tough as parchment. A Chinese, indoors, who wishes to look out, moistens the tip of his finger, touches it to the paper, and punches a hole in the spot thus weakened. I used a pin, making an orifice scarcely discernible, yet large enough, when I put my eye to it, to reveal a panorama of Peking life. It is amazing what may be seen through a pinhole; crowds of moving people, passing rickshaws, ducks swimming in a pond, caravans of camels, landscapes with nine-storied pagodas, distant mountains crowned with temples, planets even. The universe is visible through a pinhole.

But a pinhole invites a near, not a distant, view. Just outside was my courtyard. Other paper windows faced it. In its center stood a stone Buddha and, beyond, a gateway afforded a widening prospect of the street. There is no privacy in a Chinese courtyard fronting on a busy thoroughfare. The courtyard is as public as the street. A barber, carrying his equipment suspended from the ends

Through a Window

of a pole, which he balances over his shoulder, will temporarily establish his business in the courtyard, detaching for prospective customers a stool from one end of the pole, and drawing out of a work-chest from the other end an assortment of razors, shears, mirrors, bottles of liquid soap, rags, and a gong, by which he informs the neighborhood that he is ready to shave whiskers, cut off pigtails, or shampoo any head that needs a shampoo.

Likewise, an itinerant restaurant keeper, with a charcoal brazier suspended from one end of his pole, and dishes, tea-pot, and chop-sticks suspended from the other end, and with little stools and a table on his back, will take a whim to set up trade in the courtyard.

Or a shoemaker will open a shoe shop, fabricating blue felt shoes while his customers wait.

Or a clothes-mender will patch a coolie's clothes.

Or a trader will squat there to count his money.

Or a goldfish vender will display crystal-clear globes containing little fish which he will offer to eat alive if he is advanced the price of the fish.

Or a seller of musical insects will deposit two basketfuls of cicadas, which, captured in the fields or trees, are imprisoned in cages, no bigger than jewel-boxes, and are carted to the city, where they starve or sing themselves to death.

Or a merchant with mandarin coats, furs, bolts of silk, brocades, strings of beads, handfuls of

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amber, and other Oriental gewgaws will suddenly enliven a corner of the courtyard with vivid color.

Or a dog-dealer will offer to sell Pekingese puppies, after pulling them out of his sleeves.

Or a story-teller, posting himself in the center of a circle of fascinated listeners, young and old, will relate absurd tales of ancient loves, mythical kings, and imaginary heroes.

Or a conjurer, spreading a mat on the ground, will draw impossible things out of impossible places—bird-cages, toads, lamps, lighted cigarettes, boxes, potted plants, from beneath his skirt, out of his shoes, from the back of his neck—and will depart with the coppers that have been flung on his mat as a tribute to his wizardry.

As I peered one day through the pinhole, idly observing Chinese life, as through a microscope, there appeared a man who attracted me by his eccentric actions. Walking in from the street, he stationed himself inside the gateway, an arm's length from the throngs passing on the sidewalk. Outside the gate, a fortune-teller, with an assortment of numbered sticks and inscribed tablets, had set up business and was offering to reveal any one's future for a trifle.

Exchanging a friendly greeting with the fortune-teller, as if on the basis of a prior familiarity, the man inside the gate began to remove his clothes. He laid his hat on the ground, and one by one took

Through a Window

off his outer garments, folding them in a bundle and depositing them beside his hat.

But, curiously, by removing his outer garments, the man merely had transformed himself into a beggar, for, whereas before he had appeared respectable, he now was garbed in dirty tatters, his hair tousled and sprinkled with straw, as if he lately had slept in a barn, his feet wrapped in rags, his wretched body from neck to heels clothed in shreds. His expression, cheery enough when he greeted the fortune-teller, became suddenly indicative of inward misery. He drew from his rags a metal cup, thrust the cup toward passers-by for alms, opened his mouth hungrily, and exposed his ugly yellow teeth.

For an hour the beggar appealed humbly to the passing crowd; looking frequently into the cup to extract the coppers that were dropped into it, but always putting back a few of them to rattle in his plea for more. At length tired of his simulated misery, he sat on the ground and, humming a merry tune, prepared with a relishing preliminary gusto to drink from a greasy gourd some soup which he had purchased from a food vender; then, having consumed the soup and having wiped his mouth on his sleeve, he yawned, spread his discarded clothes in the shade by the wall, stretched himself at full-length on the clothes, and fell asleep.

I might not have learned the identity of this beggar had not Han Foo, my rickshaw boy, entered

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the gate at that moment, and hurrying in, urged me to "look see." The beggar was the notorious Prince ——, once heir to the Dragon Throne, now an abandoned character in the streets of Peking. Appointed heir by the empress dowager in January, 1900, he had been deposed by her in June, 1901. Every one knew his story, but few save the coolies recognized him. I turned to a book and read (page 236 in "China under the Empress Dowager," by J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse):

It was common knowledge that Tzu Hsi had for some time repented of her choice of Prince ——'s ill-mannered, uncouth son as heir apparent. More than once had she been brought to shame by his wild and sometimes disgraceful conduct. Even in her presence, the lad paid little heed to the formalities of court life and none at all to the dignity of his own rank and future position. Tzu Hsi was therefore probably not sorry for an excuse for deposing him. . . .

This fallen heir to the Dragon Throne is a well-known figure to-day in the lowest haunts of the Chinese city at Peking; a drunkard and disreputable character, leading the life of a gambler, notorious only as a swashbuckler of romantic past and picturesque type—one who, but for adverse fate, would have been Emperor of China.

I again peered through the pinhole. The prince still slept, the flies hovering about his open mouth.

He had sipped hot soup from a dirty gourd; he might, "but for adverse fate," have drunken wine

Through a Window

from a jade goblet. He was attired in rags; he might, "but for adverse fate," have worn raiment of yellow silks. He slept on the ground, breathing the dust; he might, "but for adverse fate," have reposed on a royal couch, breathing incense.

Was it adverse fate? Or was it a shrewd preference? Slumbering on the sidewalk, he was care-free, if dirty.

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THE "BOY EMPEROR"

It is hours after midnight on the Summer Palace Road, which leads from the Forbidden City out of Peking past the Drum Tower. It is frosty December, and the moon is sinking in cold splendor behind the temples.

But Peking's streets are thronged with people; coolies, mandarins, high and low. A parade is passing, with grotesque lanterns, men in green costumes and gold tinsel, closed gilded sedan-chairs swung from poles and carried on the shoulders of coolies, caparisoned horses and camels. The street over which the parade moves is sprinkled with yellow sand, which represents gold-dust, and a Chinese brass band is playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." The band is playing that air because it is foreign, and, being foreign, though they do not understand it, it must be fine; it is supposed to be an American patriotic air. The reason for the parade, music and all, is that Hsuan Tung, known as the "boy emperor," is about to be married, the exact time for the ceremony having been fixed at 4 A.M.

The "Boy Emperor"

I stayed up all night, standing in the road near the Drum Tower, to see that parade as it went out to get the bride of sixteen years and to fetch her back to be married in the Forbidden City to a man whom she had never seen. They carried her back in a sedan-chair, lacquered in gold, but as the chair was closed the lanterns and torches did not reveal a glimpse of her face. Doubtless her face bore a thick enamel of white and pink, as is the custom of Manchu ladies. That the bride had never seen her prospective husband was well known, for that is a Chinese custom too.

What was most interesting to me on this occasion was not the marriage—for, being a foreign devil, I did n't see it—but the remarkable attitude of the Chinese people toward a person, a mere slip of a boy, who was until a few years ago and who still might have been their emperor, had they not deposed him. It is inconceivable to the Occidental mind that a people should feel kindly, sentimental, tender even, toward their ex-emperor, and yet not have an iota of desire to replace him on the throne. The Chinese people love the boy emperor as a mother would her child, but any idea of restoring him to power is unthinkable to them. They have cast their lot for a republic, and they are going to stick to it. Yet the boy emperor is their darling. So when he married they made a gala night of it and sent him tons of presents and heartfuls of good

wishes. That night all Peking was talking of the boy emperor, but even the most ardent revolutionist was not apprehensive about it.

Hsuan Tung's dynastic name was P'u-yi. He was eighteen years old when he was married. Had he not abdicated in 1912 and thus ended the Manchu dynasty which began in 1644, he would have been the sixteenth "son of heaven" of the line of Ta Ch'ing, as the Manchu emperors called themselves. He would have been the ruler of the most populous nation in the world.

The arrangements for his abdication appear to have been friendly, although they were the climax of a revolution. As a ward of the republic he was permitted to enjoy the luxury of a royal personage shorn of executive power. To enable him to maintain two thousand servants and retainers he was allowed two million dollars a year for household expenses, but because of the bankrupt condition of Peking the stipend never reached him, and he was a creditor of the republic for more than twenty million dollars. His appeals for aid and occasional disposal of some of the imperial household appurtenances are familiar in Peking.

Every one in Peking learned from tradesmen and others something of the boy emperor's life within the walls of the Forbidden City. He studied English and yearned to travel, but he scarcely ever ventured into the city. That privilege was accorded

The "Boy Emperor"

him only twice, and one occasion was the funeral of his mother. Virtually a prisoner in the Forbidden City, he occupied a portion of it set apart for his household alone. It was in itself a miniature city with courtyards, houses, and temples, all covered with tent-shaped roofs of imperial yellow tile. Near-by stands a green porcelain tower, built by Kublai Khan as a constant reminder of past glory.

There the boy emperor beguiled the tedious hours, listening to his British tutor, playing on an American typewriter on which he wrote his English lessons, talking on a telephone which was connected only with the departments of his household, or riding an automobile which he drove over the flagstones of a courtyard about his palace.

Respected, even loved by his countrymen, he was yet a prisoner. Dreaming of the vast world in which he might have been a leader and an autocrat over four hundred million of its inhabitants, he lived in a space measured by a few paces. So has autocracy shrunk in these days!

長城

XXI

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

"TAKE home a brick from the Great Wall of China," the literature for tourists had said. It might have added, "and help demolish the biggest structure ever built by man."

We stood in a tower of the Great Wall, thirty-five miles northwest of Peking, where the wall leaps over mountains and disappears in the blue distance. The Little New-England Lady was appropriating a loose brick, weight twenty pounds. She thought it would look imposing on the mantelpiece of her New-England home. She had been prompted to take a brick by what she had read in the tourist literature and by an incident related of Dr. Samuel Johnson. It seemed that Dr. Johnson, in a conversation recorded by Boswell, had said that it would be as difficult to do such and such a thing as to take home a brick from the Great Wall of China.

The Little New-England Lady desired to prove that Dr. Johnson was wrong. She tugged at a spot where the wall was crumbling. "I want a fresh one," she said, as if the brick were a loaf

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The Great Wall of China

of bread and she were picking it off the counter of a New-England bakery.

A roadway twelve feet wide travels the top of the wall. Along that roadway we carried the brick for the Little New-England Lady, climbing, tugging, pulling, pushing—ascending heavenward, pitching precipitately abysmward. Exhausted, we sometimes paused to listen to the musical tinklings of camel-bells as the camels drew near the Nankow Pass from their long journey over the desert. Or, at a break in the parapet, we sat down to gaze into the valleys miles below.

No one can behold the Great Wall without some reverence for antiquity. It serpentine over the mountains in aerial leapings and loopings, seeking always the topmost peaks, and imparts an aspect of savage power to the wild Chinese landscape. Its solid masonry, twenty-five feet thick at the base, twenty to thirty feet high, with towers forty feet high every two hundred yards, stretches fifteen hundred miles across the northern provinces, from the sea at Shanhaikwan to the upper reaches of the Yellow River. It is as if microscopic man, in building the wall, had striven to write on the surface of the earth a message visible to Mars. The idea that the wall might actually be visible to Mars, as some have contended, has been dispelled by those who compute that the proportion would be that of a hair held a mile away.

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Begun in the third century B.C., as a barrier against invasions of nomadic tribes from the north, the wall was maintained in repair until 1644, when the Manchus, assuming power, abandoned it as a defense. Neglected for three centuries, it appears, like all things Chinese, to be falling to pieces at the same time that it appears destined to endure forever. It towers in solitude above mountains, rivers, and deserts, a symbol of Chinese patience which seems indifferent to the passing of time.

We recall, as we loiter, the fable of a Chinese philosopher, who, while strolling on the wall one night, was lured to heaven by a ladder of silvery moonbeams. When he returned to earth and described a land where everything was perfect, his friends chided him for having rejected a millennium. He explained that he was drawn back by his remembrance of familiar things. "For," he said, "dearer even than perfection are the things to which the heart is accustomed."

When it was again my turn to carry the Little New-England Lady's brick, I began to speculate on how long it might require to dissolve the Great Wall by the slow process of having tourists cart it away brick by brick. I reflected that it took hundreds of years to build the wall, that in its construction a million workers were employed, that part of it had weathered two thousand years, that battles had been fought on its top, that hordes of invading warriors

The Great Wall of China

had clambered over it, and that yet it stands there as solid as the pyramids. It seemed to me, then, that in spite of the vandalism of tourists the wall, in a future inconceivably remote, will still retain some of its bricks for little New-England ladies to take home.

Now, we all cherished a desire to abandon that brick. We were still far from Ching Lung Chiao (Bright Dragon Bridge) station, whence we were to return by train to Peking. The brick, as we passed it from hand to hand, seemed to grow heavier. The Little New-England Lady, with her immaculate white cotton mittens, could not be permitted to carry it.

Good fortune lurked not far off. Presently we heard breaking the mountain stillness the tinkling of a camel-bell. The bell, as we surmised, was not in the valley below but on the wall drawing nearer to us in the hands of a coolie who offered it for sale as a souvenir, price five cents.

It was a battered old bell of brass, shaped like a sleigh-bell and about as big as a man's fist. It doubtless had jingled and jangled over the Gobi for countless years and had swayed from the necks of more than one generation of camels.

To be sure, I told the Little New-England Lady, there was not much relation between a camel's bell and the Great Wall of China. One was so insignificantly small that it could be carried in one's pocket.

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The other was so immeasurably large that even a brick from it was an insupportable burden. Yet, I argued, both bell and wall were related to the desert. The bell's tinkling was probably the only music that the wall had heard in a thousand years.

The reasonableness of little New-England ladies is proverbial; which explains why, on the mantelpiece in a certain cottage in New England, there may be seen no brick from the Great Wall of China, although beneath the mantelpiece there hangs a battered camel's bell. The presence of the bell tends to strengthen the belief that Dr. Johnson was right.

XXII

PIRATES AND TYPHOONS

海盜

It is thrilling to suspect that the bleary-eyed stranger at your elbow, with the dirty rag swathed about his head and the deep scar of a gash across his cheek, may have cut the throats of a ship's crew the night before. It is a thrill you have at Hongkong. Pirates still strut the streets there, though they ply their trade only in Chinese waters, up the Pearl River or along the coast outside the British three-mile limit. The sight of them sends you back into the romance of the eighteenth century, and you find yourself whimsically examining the rogue's fingers to see if there is any blood on them. You are disposed to regard him as something of a hero who, perhaps, has just acquitted himself well in the Malacca Straits, off Borneo, or in the Bengal Sea by snipping off a human head or two.

The very ship, a steam-vessel of five thousand tons, that carried us between Macao and Hongkong, had two weeks before been boarded by a horde of pirates, who killed the purser, bound and gagged the captain, locked the passengers and crew in state-rooms, sealed the wireless, and carried their

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prize down the coast to Amoy, where, aided by other pirates in sampans, they stripped the ship's treasure-chest, relieved the crew of watches, money, and other trifles, and turned the hulk loose to drift until help arrived.

When we were aboard, the captain, not to be outwitted again, kept an iron grill, like prison-bars, clamped over the hatchways, and a guard of Sikhs with shot-guns posted on the lookout. The captain, who was British, swore at the Sikhs and told them to keep their weather-eye peeled, "damn 'em." Whether damning the Sikhs or the pirates, he was not particular.

Hongkong and its adjacent waters are as near to piracy as one can get in these prosaic days. In the Atlantic, one recalls, freebooting was swept from the high seas more than a century ago. The last event worthy of the name came to an end when a grotesque brute, answering to the name of Blackbeard or Edward Teach, was slain off the North Carolina coast. It is true that some of the reformers who went in pursuit of Blackbeard themselves went a-pirating in a minor and altogether unprofessional way around Cuba, but that marked the decadence of the pirate business thereabout.

But in Hongkong, piracy, like typhoons, is a thing still to be reckoned with. It appears in the law-courts. You get the latest legal decision, setting forth how to deal with pirates—what are the rights

Pirates and Typhoons

and what are not the rights of pirates—and you learn in the cause of His Majesty's Colony of Hongkong against Kook-a-Sing that you are not to kill pirates "without trial, except in battle." Of course, in a battle, with a cutlass at your throat maybe, you can kill them with impunity, if you are bloodthirsty and have a mind that way; but you must give them a fair trial if you want to kill them calculatingly and in cold blood.

Another thrill you enjoy in Hongkong is the threat of a typhoon when typhoons are in season. I got there when they were out of season, and I felt I had been cheated, but I simulated as much of a thrill as I could by gazing at the typhoon warnings permanently displayed on the ferry-boats that cross to Kowloon. You are warned by red or blue signals, or red over blue, or blue over red, that a typhoon is due within a few hours, or that it is due instantly, and that all small craft must seek the shelter of their little docks and that big vessels must head for the open sea, and that when sirens and whistles blow pedestrians must hurry indoors. It is pleasant, when you are floating on the peaceful waters of Hongkong on a summer afternoon, to visualize the sudden havoc wrought by a typhoon—the scurrying of sampans, junks, steamers, and wind-jammers, the flight of Asiatics and Europeans, the upheaval of waves and wharves.

I do not wish to intimate that beautiful Hong-

kong lives a life of violence, that its residents stand constantly in danger of having their throats cut or their persons blown nowhither. Life there is as orderly as anywhere. Not excepting Shanghai, it is the most bustling metropolis in the Far East, and it is destined to be more prosperous, for the British there and at Kowloon, on the mainland across the bay, were, when I was there, expending millions for improvements: vast ship-building plants were looming up; roads were reaching out through the near-by hills; a modern hotel was rising near the Kowloon waterfront. Its busy streets, its colorful Chinese quarter, its lively waterfronts, its myriads of junks and sampans and ocean liners, its Kowloon across the bay, its Peak around whose mountainous sides cling palaces draped in semitropical vegetation, make of Hongkong a panorama unsurpassed on its side of the world.

It was De Quincey, I think, who imagined the citizens of Mars peering down amusedly on the inhabitants of this earth. Surely, if the Martians can see anything here, they can see so conspicuous a spot as Hongkong. Possibly, also, as they contemplate our civilization, they beguile a planetary hour or two by watching the pirates plying their trade in the adjacent waters.

XXIII

TSINGTAO

青島

TSINGTAO is a city in China made in Germany. It was built by Chinese labor but conceived by German brains. A bit of old Nuremberg, with peaked red roofs, high gables, tall chimneys, and quaint streets, it stands solitarily on the Far Pacific shore like a toy that has been lost. Its houses are like the brightly painted things one used to pick out of Noah's arks in childhood days. Its citizens are strangely incongruous, for in a European setting they are Orientals. Originally Chinese, they became German, then Japanese, and now they are Chinese again. It is a way China has of absorbing the invader.

When I arrived in Tsingtao I knew that it was the chief seaport of Shantung Province; that it was embraced in the district of Kiaochau; that the district, with a railroad concession extending 225 miles into the interior to Tsinan, the capital of the province, had been taken by Germany in 1898; that Japan took it from Germany in 1914; that China wished it back, partly because the province was the birthplace of Confucius and the cradle of Chinese

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culture; and that Japan agreed to restore it to China.

Curious to observe how Japan was fulfilling its pledge, I sailed into Kiaochau Bay one golden morning when the blue of sky and bay, the green of the wooded islands, and the red roofs of the city on the hills seemed vividly unreal, like colors in a lithograph. Resident for long months in interior China. I gazed with awe on the German clock-tower, the German club-house, the German observatory on the hilltop, the German streets, the German city without Germans. But although the Germans were gone their imprint was still there. Over a sign on a building ("Schantung Bergbau Gesellschaft," the name of a mining company) the Japanese had painted a Japanese name. The German names of the streets had been Japanized. German bakeries and German cafés flourished, with no difference other than a change in the costumes of the employees: the kimono and *geta* or soft-soled sandal, had replaced European clothes.

Of the industries maintained by the Japanese on the German standard the most romantic, it seemed to me, was the manufacture of hair-nets. Gradually a whole nation is lopping off its pigtails—long wisps of black hair to be dyed blond, brown, or auburn, and to be worn, when woven into delicate cobwebs, on feminine heads throughout the world. The output of Shantung was one hundred and fifty

Tsingtao

million hair-nets a year. "Enough hair-nets," said the polite Japanese who enlightened me, "enough hair-nets to supply every man, woman, and child in America." His facility in statistics blinded him to the circumstance that American men and children go without hair-nets.

We visited the governor's palace, where, in the spacious rooms with high ceilings, wide stairways, and elaborate furnishings, the Japanese civil and military governors and members of their staffs appeared diminutive, like a lot of Lilliputians in a country where everything was too big for them. We drank Rhenish wine out of Bohemian goblets. We ate off German plates. We gazed on German carvings on the ceiling. The table around which we sat seemed enormous, and the chairs were so high that the Japanese generals, I fancied, could not touch their feet to the floor. It seemed to me that Japan had moved into a furnished house, and not finding the furniture comfortable was glad to move out again.

We visited the fortifications, built by the Germans to make Tsingtao impregnable. The fortifications, far underground, were rendered a ruin of twisted steel and concrete by the attacks of the British and Japanese forces. As proof that they never designed to emulate the Germans in fortifying Tsingtao, the Japanese showed that the ruins had been permitted to remain just as they were when

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the last German fell dead in them. I suspect that, when the Japanese left, the thrifty Chinese separated the concrete from the steel and hammered the steel into plowshares and razor-blades.

Taking a bird's-eye view of Tsingtao, I observed that while the Japanese Government was preparing to evacuate the Japanese merchants were preparing to remain. Favored with advantageous building privileges granted under the closing Japanese rule, Japanese builders were everywhere constructing houses and shops, always conforming with the German style. It appeared that the Japanese merchants, having got a foothold on that productive coast of China, were resolved to intrench themselves by extensive ownerships under the restored Chinese authority.

Before the Japanese government was out the Chinese bandits were in. A thousand or more bandits, armed with swords and guns, marched into Tsingtao and, as if they were the vanguard of the Chinese Government, calmly proposed terms to abstain from looting. It aroused skepticism as to the wisdom of the Japanese withdrawal; it made the Japanese occupation temporarily seem a blessing, for, it was predicted, Tsingtao would become a ruin, trade would collapse, culture would vanish, the German club-house would become a rendezvous for robbers, the clock in the German tower would stop, the Bohemian wine-goblets in the governor's palace

Tsingtao

would be broken, the Rhenish wine spilled and the German dishes smashed. Despite the predictions, the Chinese flag was hoisted on the Tsingtao flag-pole. . . .

Build on my soil, says China, and what you build—cities, railroads, religions, culture, education—will be mine at last. My stomach can digest all foreign substances.

幻影

XXIV

SHADOWS

It is a dark night in Macao. The barefooted coolies who pull the rickshaws run through the side streets noiselessly. As they glide forward, the paper lanterns, suspended from the shafts of the rickshaws, sway violently, reproducing in grotesque shadows on the passing scenery the coolies' legs, the passengers, and the revolving wheels. The shadows are like demons out for sport. They lag behind, jump ahead, expand to the proportion of giants in open spaces, shrink to the size of dwarfs in close quarters, climb the garden walls, gambol around the eaves of buildings. The streets are peopled with shadows only, until the rickshaws, with a sharp turn, emerge on the waterfront.

The waterfront is ablaze with lights. The rickshaws halt before an establishment with a façade of gilt and red lacquer. Over the door a sign is displayed, and the sign, in Chinese, Portuguese, and English, announces: "Macao Opium-Farm."

The lights stream across the pavement and illuminate the tattered sails of junks moored at the

Shadows

dock on the opposite side. The junks, from Swatow, Haiphong, Kowloon, from far Foochow, from near-by Canton, discharge upon the waterfront the native seafarers of the South China coast. As the junks slip in from the darkness of the sea, those aboard hurry ashore, tumble, gambol, leap, like ragged emaciated shadows, and scramble toward the lights, toward the glittering door of the opium-farm, and disappear within. Others emerge from the opium-farm, creep toward the junks, and silently slink away. Endlessly they appear and disappear—out of the junks into the lights, out of the lights into the dark sea.

Macao is a tiny peninsula, three hours by sea west of Hongkong. Its area is five square miles, and, one of the smallest of colonies, it belongs to Portugal. As the foreign powers own Shanghai outright, as Great Britain owns Hongkong outright, so Portugal owns Macao outright. In the sixteenth century some Portuguese traders aided China to suppress a band of pirates, and China, in gratitude, permitted the traders to settle on the peninsula. The result was that Portugal established a colony, that Portuguese laws were introduced, and the Chinese gradually were excluded, that Governor Ferreira do Amaral raised the Portuguese flag, that the Chinese resented Portuguese authority, that Governor Ferreira do Amaral had his throat cut, and that China, in reparation, ceded

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the territory as a price for peace with the foreign devils.

Viewed from the sea, Macao, with temples crowning its encircling hills, green banian-trees on the slopes, and forests of vessels moored at the wharves, fronts on a bay shaped like a crescent. It is a lazy medieval town that has drifted from the Mediterranean and has been cast up on the shore of the South China Sea. Its eighty thousand population are mostly Chinese. Their absorption of the Portuguese settlers has created a swarthy type, known as Macanese. Trim, quiet, orderly, Macao seems to belie its reputation as the Monte Carlo of the Far East, a center for gambling and opium and formerly a slave market.

Of all the dark shadows cast by Europeans in Asia, the darkest was the shadow of the slave-trader. Not less than half a million coolies in the nineteenth century were captured and shipped from Macao as slaves to Mexico, Cuba, and Peru. The traders, invading the Chinese province of Kwantung, threw straitjackets over the heads of the coolies and drove them in gangs to Macao. The coolies were loaded in the holds of sailing-vessels, and if they became mutinous the hatches were battened down. When the ship *Waverly*, stopping at Manila, battened down the hatches, 251 coolies the next morning were dead. The coolies imprisoned in the hold sometimes set fire to the ship and perished in

Shadows

the flames rather than suffocate slowly. In 1871 alone six ships, with three thousand coolies, were burned.

About that time the ship *Maria Luz*, bounded for Peru, was driven into Yokohama by a storm. One of the coolies jumped overboard and swam to a British man-of-war, which refused to surrender him. The *Maria Luz* protested to the Japanese Government. The Japanese Government, unafraid of Peruvian guns, not only supported the refugee coolie but ordered the whole cargo of coolies sent back to China. The incident, attracting attention, resulted in the abolition of the slave-traffic. Civilization does not erect monuments to the memory of coolies, but it ought to make an exception in the case of the coolie who jumped overboard, and thinking, possibly, of a wife and a black-eyed baby at home, swam to the British man-of-war.

My acquaintance with Macao began in a talk in the palace with the governor, lately arrived from Lisbon. He showed me the plans for improvements which were under construction by Dutch contractors working, beaver-like, in the harbor. The shallow bay was to be dredged to admit ocean liners; small islands, hitherto useless, were to be joined to the mainland, and Portugal's five square miles were to be expanded to ten square miles by the simple process of filling the shallow waters. Portuguese Macao was to rival British Hongkong,

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and a line of ships under the Portuguese flag was to run direct between southern China and the Portuguese-speaking countries of South America. The country that had extracted riches from South America would now carry to South America the riches of the Orient.

It was difficult, while considering the improvements of Macao, not to think of the sign-board, "Macao Opium-Farm," which European civilization had nailed over this corner of China. The governor did not refer to opium. His aide, who acted as escort, confided to me in a shy way that the governor and he were ashamed of it. They hoped, he said, that new commerce derivable from the improvements would supplant lottery, gambling, and opium as a source of revenue. The aide was serious and idealistic. I do not know that he ever visited America, yet he was familiar with American literature. He admired Emerson, whose New-England transcendentalism had taken root in his Latin mind and was blossoming here on the coast of Asia. It used to be the practice of European powers to send unscrupulous officials to the Far East—the more unscrupulous the better. I thought it an augury of better times, perhaps, that men were now sent who blushed at the deeds of their predecessors.

When I recall Macao I think of colors—the palest of pastel tints enlivened by dashes of black and

Shadows

red. There are the houses, pink, blue, saffron, lilac; the streets with vistas of green banians, inky shade, and tender sky; the people, Chinese, Macanese, Portuguese, bronzed Indians from Portuguese Goa, black troopers from Mozambique and their black women. The heads of the women are surmounted by tall water-jars, and their bodies, like bits of oiled ebony, are swathed in filmy scarfs of bright hues. . . . And then there are the black shadows, at night, skipping, hopping, leaping through the side streets toward the waterfront, and the ragged shadows tumbling off the junks and scrambling toward the opium-farm.

SINGAPORE

THE rickshaw was red. The coolie who pulled it wore a hat shaped like a lamp-shade. His sinuous body, naked to the waist, was as brown as mahogany. Across the road the banian-trees seemed cool and refreshing. It was a pretty sight, visible from the landing-pier at Singapore—the red rickshaw, the brown coolie, the white road, and the green banian-trees.

We said to the coolie, "Wanchee go Wild Animal Street." Our Pidgin-English might as well have been Arabic or Hindustani. In whatever language directed, the coolie would have gone to Wild Animal Street. He knew that all Europeans went there; it was a way with them. He probably never questioned why jungle-beasts fascinated civilized people. Nor would he have much cared if the beasts had bitten off the heads of all civilized people.

Singapore is a wild animal market, a clearing-house for tropical Asia. It supplies circuses and zoos throughout the world. I expected to find the wharves crowded with crated beasts and ships shoving off loaded like Noah's arks, but I was disap-

Singapore

pointed. I expected to see on the sidewalks of Wild Animal Street elephants, tigers, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, giraffes, boars, bears, baboons, and gibbons set out in cages and price-tagged like kittens and puppies in a Fifth Avenue pet shop. I saw a poor leopard, bound and gagged, on the sidewalk. Beside him sat a coolie, smoking a pipe. I felt sorry for the leopard and would not have blamed it if it had broken its fetters and eaten the coolie. Otherwise there were only porcupines, civet-cats, monkeys, cockatoos, pigs, pheasants, and Javanese parrots. It was as unexciting as a poultry-show.

But what Singapore lacks in jungle-animals it makes up in humans. There are half a million Asiatics—Malays, Indo-Chinese, Indians, and Javanese. They wear glittering brass and silver bracelets around their arms and legs and scarfs of rich colors around their heads and bodies. They swarm through the Europeanized streets. They sleep and eat. They tolerate civilization, but the jungle is not far off. They are wise enough to know that the six thousand Europeans, their masters, have anxieties from which they themselves are free.

On the island of 217 square miles, of which Singapore, sixty-nine miles north of the equator, is the port, Great Britain had begun building a naval base. Pipe-lines were being extended into the jungle; tanks

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to hold the oil for the fleet were rising above the tops of the palm-trees; and steel and concrete were being moved with a bustle that seemed incongruous in the Orient.

Every one in Singapore appeared to be worried, except the natives. The Japanese worried lest the Singapore base should further subject Asiatic peoples to European domination and check Japanese immigration to the southern hemisphere—to New Zealand and Australia. The British worried lest Parliament should yield to the protests of British taxpayers that the base would be an unnecessary burden and a violation of Pacific agreements for the reduction of armaments. What did the Singaporeans care? Two of them, climbing to the top of an oil-tank to see what was inside, fell in and, in reward for their curiosity, were drowned in the accumulated rain-water. That was enough for the rest of them; they thenceforth avoided oil-tanks and rejected civilization as dangerously experimental.

The British editor of a Singapore newspaper was worried about rubber. The Straits Settlements produce rubber, tin, rice, and copra, but rubber is their chief product. It seemed that because of an oversupply and a slump in the market the British producers feared disaster. They induced the government to impose a restrictive export duty, hoping by limiting the output to raise the price. The Americans, voracious consumers of rubber, pro-

Singapore

tested. American statesmen denounced the Singapore rubber restriction, and the American Congress appointed a committee to ascertain whether rubber could be produced in the Philippine Islands.

The British editor was chagrined. He thought it ungrateful for America to try to produce rubber for itself. He wrote an editorial exposing America's injustice. He said: "Are we not entitled to live? Isolated from civilization, are we not to be compensated for our sacrifice? Do we not deserve food and raiment? Those Americans would deprive us of our very shirts."

The Philippine Islands, so far as I know, have not yet produced rubber, and the Singapore editor is still wearing his shirt, although, it seemed to me, in Singapore it was too hot to wear anything.

As our ship steamed out of the bay the coolie with the red rickshaw waited contentedly for another fare to Wild Animal Street. He stood in the middle of the road near the banian-trees—shirtless.

XXVI

IN A THEATER



INSIDE a Peking theater. The stage, raised on a platform to the height of a man's head, extends into the orchestra, curtainless. The players' exit and entrance are two doors, one on each side of the stage. The musicians—flutists, fiddlers, drummers, gong-beaters—squat on one side of the stage, supposedly invisible. The audience occupies seats in the orchestra and balcony, eats toasted watermelon-seeds, chats, and, seemingly, ignores the drama noisily progressing before it.

Twenty cents in Chinese money buys a seat in the balcony, the best vantage from which to observe actors and spectators. The way to the theater is through the Chien Men, the towered gate that leads from the Tartar into the Chinese City. The gate, at theater-time, is jammed with rickshaws, camels, pony-carts, palanquins, automobiles, every conceivable conveyance, open and closed. There are noises at the gate—shoutings of drivers, janglings of camel-bells, jinglings of rickshaw-bells, boomings of gongs, tootings of horns, rattlings of wheels, squeakings of cordage. Whirled through the gate into

In a Theater

the wide market-place, through crooked *hutungs* (lanes), one arrives in the street of the theater, puts down his twenty cents at the box-office, and presently sits in the front row in the balcony, a cup of hot tea on the ledge before him. The tea-cup is always full, whether the tea is drunk or poured on the floor; for as soon as it is emptied, a coolie, stationed in the aisle, projects a tea-pot over the heads of neighboring spectators and deftly refills the cup by precipitating a little stream of amber-colored fluid down between one's eyes and the stage. The little streams of hot tea are everywhere trickling—into the cup of the Manchu lady, sitting in grandeur on the left, into the cups of the camel-drivers, sitting in squalor on the right. The contrast between the Manchu lady and the camel-drivers is, perhaps, sufficiently indicative of the prevalent democratic spirit: the lady has her black hair oiled and elaborately coifed over spreading bat-wings of wire and ribbon, her face enameled in white and red, and her dainty figure inclosed in a robe of pale-blue silk, fantastically brocaded; the camel-drivers are in the precise condition that they were in when they woke up in the morning from their beds beside the camels, straw in their hair, dirt in their eyes, and filth on their hands and all over them. But social distinctions are unremembered in a theater, either in the balcony or below in the orchestra, where dandies, officials, heads of families, women, children, and

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coolies mingle, and, as if united in a common festivity, drink inordinate quantities of tea, talk loudly while the performance is on, and shake hands to each other in the Chinese way of shaking one's own hand instead of the hand of the person greeted.

The performance may have been progressing for hours, or for days; it may be one long play, or numerous short plays presented one after another. To arrive late entails no inconvenience, because, to an Occidental, one part of the play is as intelligible as another. The favorite themes are stories from ancient history. The modern themes concern jilted suitors, nagging mothers-in-law, and henpecked husbands. The henpecked husband theme is funnier in China than elsewhere, because a Chinese husband likes to pretend that in a stage representation of a woman bossing a man he is beholding an absurdity impossible in real life.

The medieval character of the Chinese drama is explained by its having adopted its traditions from the ancient Greeks, and it has not enjoyed innovations in the process of time. Its notions of action and dialogue are what they were in the days of the lugubrious mystery-plays. The garish color of the costumes, the ponderous movement of the players, the tardiness of the action of the plot, the shrill articulation of the leading performer, as he stands rigid in one spot and narrates a bit of history, the

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obtrusion of the musicians on the stage, the incessant outpour of the strident music, the lack of scenery, the visibility of the stage mechanisms, including the property-man, the routine appearance and disappearance of the actors, as they enter one door, or, having recited their parts, exit through the other door, the non-use of special lighting-effects, and the absence of a curtain to relieve the monotony of an unvaried stage-setting produce in the Occidental observer the reaction that the Chinese drama is as yet barbaric and crudely deficient. I always looked to see whether the actors would stumble over the protruding legs of the musicians, who lounged on the floor, whether the property-man would eat his lunch without troubling to go behind the stage, or whether the musician who pounded the floor with a club would not accidentally strike the toes of a player. The purpose of the pounding on the floor I did not clearly learn, but I inferred, since it occurred precisely at the end of every crisis in the action, that its purpose was to emphasize the dramatic effect. The Chinese appear to believe that, after a tense situation, a startling noise unexpectedly projected upon the ears of the spectators, in the manner of the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth," arouses the emotions and excites interest in the development of the play. The method of pounding on the floor was once used in French theaters for a

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double purpose, to announce the rising of the curtain and to concentrate the audience's attention on the stage.

Quaintest of the conceits connected with the Chinese drama is the assumed invisibility of objects undeniably visible. They not only create the illusion of the existence of things that do not exist, but they also create the illusion of the non-existence of things that do exist. It is easy to visualize mountains, taverns, horses, snow-storms, battle-fields, brooks, without the aid of scenery, if the action suggests them, but it requires practice in self-deception to pretend that what is visible cannot be seen, as the musicians who squat on the stage in their street attire, and the property-man who performs his duties, indifferent to the gaze of the audience.

The presentation of a Chinese play also presupposes the willingness of the audience to ignore actions that may be observed but are not a part of the play. A disconsolate lover falls on the floor and says he has drowned himself in a well; he commits no impropriety if he immediately gets up and walks off the stage. A merchant, in bed and asleep, is strangled by a burglar; he does not offend dramatic art if, while dead, he reaches to a near-by table and refreshes himself with a cup of tea. Mei Langfang, a popular actor, invariably drinks tea while he acts. His servant, supposedly invisible, walks on the stage and hands his master a cup. Mr. Mei,

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without interfering with the action of the drama, lifts his wide sleeve before his face and, as if behind a little curtain, drinks his tea. Tea drunk, he passes the cup back to the servant. The servant before retiring takes advantage of the opportunity of tidying his master, as rearranging the folds of his skirt, jerking up the shoulders of his jacket, preening the plumes in his cap, or flecking a speck of dust off his bosom. The leading lady, if the weather is hot, has an arrangement to keep herself cool, and incidentally to prevent the wax and paint from melting from her face. Her servant, stationed up stage but in view of the audience, wields a large fan of peacock-feathers which he so adroitly wafts as to insinuate a gentle breeze in the direction of his mistress. In the unlikely exigency of the leading lady's having to shift her position, the servant likewise shifts his, that a refreshing breeze may be constantly propelled toward her so long as she is on the stage. It sometimes happens that a servant, lulled by the monotony of the play, or possibly by an insufficiency of sleep the night before, will momentarily doze off and even lapse into snoring, in which event he is aroused to consciousness by a kick from a friendly co-worker.

The method of permitting the spectators to supply the necessary scenery by exercising their imaginations is carried to a greater extreme on the Chinese stage than elsewhere. A hunter who

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climbs on a chair and says he is on the top of a mountain is, so far as the audience is concerned, as much on the top of a mountain as if he stood on a painted rock and was surrounded by painted peaks, and, if a handful of paper bits is thrown over his head by the property-man, it is understood that he is lost in a blizzard. A man waving a flag produces an illusion that a gale is blowing, the velocity of the gale being indicated by the vigor with which he waves the flag; a man paddling oars in the air is rowing a boat; a man carrying a piece of canvas on which a wheel is painted is driving a cart; a man who cracks a whip and thrusts up a leg is mounting a horse. Houses, castles, roadways, taverns, prisons, doors, windows, stairways, are created verbally or by appropriate gestures. The identities of characters are fixed by arbitrary symbols: a white face indicates a wicked person, an unpainted face a good person, a red face a faithful person, a face with mixed colors a robber, a face with the eyes and nose painted white a clown, whose entrance on the stage, regardless of whether he does or says anything funny, inevitably provokes mirth; a black veil with strips of white paper stuck under the right ear identifies a ghost; a red veil a bride, a square hat a good official, a round hat a bad official, a yellow cloth over the face a sick person, a red cloth over the face a dead person, a switch of horsehair carried in the hand a god, a peacock-feather trailed from the head down the

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back an invincible hero. Darkness is indicated by a candle-light, the passage of time by the beating of a kettle-drum.

Beyond an occasional "*hao! hao!*"—"good! good!"—vociferated sporadically from quarters of the house especially interested, the audience appears seldom to evince any interest whatever in the play. There are incessant chatterings, agitated greetings, merry tea-drinkings, bowings, hand-shakings, goings back and forth, and climbing over the backs of the seats. A Chinese audience carries its own entertainment to the theater.

The quaintest phase of the scene is yet to be noted. Gazing into the crowded orchestra below, the spectator observes that at intervals there skim over the audience what appear to be loose bundles. They are bundles of hot towels. No Chinese regards any festivity complete unless he is provided frequently with steaming hot towels with which to mop his face, neck, and hands; to feel a hot towel titillating his skin is to him the very quintessence of refreshment, more stimulating than rice-wine. Accordingly, the theater does a regular business in serving hot towels. It has a plant for steaming them and attendants for distributing and collecting them. Appearing at a side door near the stage, an attendant bears an armful of hot towels, twisted into bundles each of six towels. As it would be impossible for him to walk through the crowded

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aisles without having the towels snatched from him, the attendant delivers them by throwing them over the heads of everybody. The bundles twirl through the air to remote parts of the house, where, caught by other attendants, they are unfolded and the towels are distributed to customers in their localities. There are mirthful rubbings of heads and wipings of faces, and each towel-user glows as if from the exhilaration of a bath. Used, the towels are collected and thrown overhead to the man at the door, to be steamed and distributed again.

The visitor to a Chinese theater goes home to dream, if he dreams at all, not of the fantasticalities that he saw upon the stage but of the hot towels skimming over the heads in the audience.

XXVII

KUDAN, THE PIPE-SELLER

烟
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HIS bright oblique eyes sparkled as you entered. He always welcomed foreigners, for he spoke English and was loquacious. He sat in his tiny shop on a platform, his brown, sturdy legs doubled under him, like a Buddha, his feet projected in their white *tabi*, or ankle-high socks, and the sleeves of his blue kimono spread neatly. His name was Kudan, and he sold pipes.

Not just pipes, but pipes that were delicate pieces of bamboo, tipped at one end with carved silver bowls and at the other with bits of ivory. Then there were accessories—little pipe-holders, each with a wooden button formed like a dragon's head to hook in your girdle, lacquered boxes to knock the ashes in, and minute braziers wrought in silver or gold to get a light by. All toy-like and irresistibly pretty.

As you emerged from the hotel you were conscious that you were going to Kudan's shop in the Ginza, Tokio's Broadway or Fifth Avenue, not to buy his pipes but to talk to him. It all comes back

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to you, now that the earthquake has crushed it, obliterated it, as if it were only a dream after all.

Across the bridge you wandered, glimpsing into the side streets with their quaint gardens, grottoes, pools, perhaps a crane or two stalking beneath a shower of cherry-blossoms, stone lanterns, geisha girls with samisens, and laborers with the ideographs of their business written across their backs. Perhaps you have gone a long way about, and you pass by the fish-market, so that you get the full blast of the Ginza, the prodigiously noisy, flamboyant Ginza with its jinrikishas, steam kitchens, jugglers, wrestlers, venders, its atmosphere fluttering with colored lanterns, paper fishes, and ideographic banners, its shop-windows crammed with Yankee gew-gaws, its hodgepodge of an architecture, in which is mingled a suggestion of feudal Japan with what is outrageously modern. Added to the roar of traffic is the roar of myriads of feet pattering in *geta*, or wooden sandals. Here is the ganglion of two million human lives.

Through it you wend your way, anxious enough to reach the quiet of Kudan's shop and to listen to his genial philosophy. For you know that Kudan desires your conversation more than your yen.

Kudan's wife you never saw. He was too conservative for that, despite his boast of being liberal. But you saw his little girl, a veritable doll with painted cheeks and black hair so straight that it

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looked as if it had been waxed. Her name was Flower of the Dawn. You thought it a poetic name, for what could be sweeter than a flower at dawn? But Kudan would tell you that in the Japanese way of bestowing names there was nothing poetic about it. Flower of the Dawn, instead of beauty, signified only frailty and uncertainty; for his little girl was as frail as a flower, and her youth was as uncertain of the life before it as the dawn is of the day ahead of it. And you saw his bobbed-tailed cat Neko. Why Japanese cats always affect bobbed tails I never could quite make out. Nor have I seen it scientifically explained.

On a visit to Kudan's shop that I remember best—my last visit it was—I was determined to settle a controversy I long had had with him over the price of a coveted pipe. But, as always, it was difficult to induce him to think that pipes were so important as talk.

"Japanese legs too short. Sit too much," said Kudan, with his startling irrelevancy in introducing a subject. He had perhaps been pondering the question before you arrived, and he was eager to have your opinion, for his thoughts seemed to run all over the world and to take in every conceivable subject so long as it had any relation to the Japanese or to Japan. "Japanese must stretch legs so can grow tall, big like European man. Too little now. Always must look up. Must grow tall so can look

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down. You think Japanese not care? He care. Not like the littleness. What you think?"

What you thought was the very thing Kudan was fishing for. All his ideas were thrown out merely to arouse you. So you tried to please him by postulating that a man's stature is relative, and that he is tall or short only as he measures so by comparison with some one else. This seems to Kudan reasonable, but it is not satisfactory.

The fact remains that the Japanese are short and the Europeans are tall, which puts the Japanese at a disadvantage they cannot overcome until they learn not to sit so much. So the argument ends with Kudan winning, as all arguments with him invariably do; like the argument whether Japanese wives should have equal rights with their husbands, whether kimonos are practicable for men in business, whether Japanese girls should go to gymnasia, whether western civilization will engulf Japan entirely. Kudan appeared always to take the side of the argument which was diametrically opposite to whatever he practised, for he opposed kimonos, but wore one; favored women suffrage, but subdued his wife; supported girls' gymnasiums, but kept his girl at home; thought western civilization superb, but preferred Japanese.

It was only an arm's length to all the shelves in Kudan's little shop. He reached for his wares while he talked, until the mat of rich plum-colored

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silk spread before you glittered with the precious pipes. Their diminutive bowls were only half as big as a thimble and capable of holding only three whiffs' worth of tobacco; but they were carved exquisitely, some made of silver, so delicately that they looked like crystal.

"I am going away," I told Kudan, by way of giving finality to the negotiations for the pipe I longed to own. Kudan's face never betrayed any emotion, but it turned quite solemn now—I thought, at the loss of a sympathetic visitor. There was no further haggling about the pipe. It was wrapped in tissue-paper.

"Take it," said Kudan. "I intended it for present long time ago when we began argument. It make me proud when I think my pipe gone to America. When somebody look at it, you call it Kudan's pipe—Kudan, on the Ginza, Tokio. Good-by."

It rests on a mantel piece in New York now. But, Kudan, where are you? And where are all the rest of your little pipes? And your little girl? And Neko, the cat?

